WITH OUR READERS

Mrs. Coolidge as a Poet

To the Editor: *Highlands, N. C.*

SIR—Perhaps you will permit a reader who is often in hearty sympathy with many of your points of view to take exception as heartily to your editorial comment (for your "quite a few questions" are most assuredly comment of the deepest dye!) upon Mrs. Coolidge's recent poem, *Watch Fires.*

First let me say that I have no personal acquaintance with, nor have ever even seen, Mrs. Coolidge; but I think I may confidently say that all who witnessed the difficult years at the White House, throughout which the First Lady conducted herself with unfailing tact, good taste and great good sense, must regard her with admiration and deep respect. Whether her poems be many or few, inspired or otherwise, they are not "fair game," nor should any of them be made the butt of public ridicule in the form of more or less Socratic impertinence.

Did the writer by any chance forget that the woman of whose manifestly heartfelt lines he was making a jest is a mother who has lost a dear and most promising young son? And if he wish to know whether that mother be indeed a poet, let him think for a moment of the roses placed daily on that empty pillow in the White House, and of the little worn Bible held forever in a young lad's quiet hand.

Aside, however, from all personal or political feeling, the verses in question are not deserving of ridicule. Their craftsmanship is excellent, well above the average of published verse. There is not a false rhyme, nor a trip in the by no means commonplace measure, from beginning to end. Moreover, it is profoundly true, and its emotional appeal is as deep and sincere as the expression of it is restrained.

It is of course the privilege of those who prefer a state of mind of the sort to believe all love, all faith, and all expression of either, to be silly and contemptible. Yet courtesy is worth remembering. Perhaps your critic has never met with a wise saying of cynical Lord Chesterfield, which might well be of use to him and to your periodical: "Cultivate the graces, my dear boy—cultivate the graces!" In other words, bad feeling is too often a source of bad manners, and bad manners never pay.

ROBERT EMMET WARD.

[*Editors' Note*—We who witnessed the difficult years at the White House through which Mrs. Coolidge conducted herself with unfailing tact, good taste and great good sense, regard her with admiration and deep respect.]

The Encyclical on Marriage

To the Editor: *Narberth, Pa.*

SIR—For the last few years, I have read the OUTLOOK, agreeing often, and sometimes disagreeing. Since you have taken up your determined stand for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, my interest has increased a hundred fold, for I agree with you entirely.

Imagine then my surprise on the Tuesday afternoon that I picked up your 21st number, and saw the editorial, "The Encyclical on Marriage." Never before had I seen such a revolting piece of opinion

(Please Turn to Page 200)

OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOLUME 157
NUMBER 5

February 4, 1931

With Our Readers 161
Frontispiece: A Cartoon by *Robert James Malone* 162

THE TREND OF EVENTS 163

Editorial
Ritchie—A Man of Convictions 170

Backstage in Washington .....*A. F. C.* 171

ARTICLES
Lawbreakers in High Office .....*William Pickett Helm* 172
Back in the Jungle .....*Rebecca West* 175
Mellon—Croesus and Corinthian .....*Lucius Beebe* 176
Good-bye to H. G. Wells! .....*C. Hartley Grattan* 178
From Naples to Algiers by Car .....*Lee Wilson Dodd* 180
Our "Orgy of Saving" .....*William O. Scroggs* 182
The Stream of Business .....*Frank A. Fall* 183
Blue Lines .....*George Trevor* 184

THE LEISURE ARTS
Speaking of Books 185
Seeing Life Whole .....*Allen W. Porterfield* 185
The Week's Reading .....*Frances Lamont Robbins* 186
"The Master Farmers of America" .....*Nels Anderson* 188
Behind the Blurbs .....*Walter R. Brooks* 189
The Theatre .....*Otis Chatfield-Taylor* 190
Prose and Worse .....*Walter R. Brooks* 191
The Movies .....*Creighton Peet* 192
From the Life .....*Ibby Hall* 193
The Young Idea Shoots Straight .....*Marshall Kernochan* 194
Gramophonia .....*O. C.-T.* 195

Next Week in the Outlook

The Farmers' Friend, by Ray T. Tucker.
A portrait of the picturesque Chairman of the Federal Farm Board who, the author says, is one of the two or three really dynamic figures in Washington official life.

Oil Hells in Oklahoma, by Earl Sparling.
What happens to a prosperous city built over a prospective oil field? Mr. Sparling tells the story of Oklahoma City.

Uncle Sam's Status in the Skies, by C. B. Allen.
A flier and authoritative writer on aviation answers those who say our military arm in the air is deficient.

Gangland Invades the Provinces, by Robert Frank Lynn.
The story of new lawlessness on the Texas-Arkansas border, and how bootlegging there has made its minor Al Capones.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, February 4, 1931. Volume 157. Number 5. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21. 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRYING HIM UP

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

February 4, 1931

The Trend of Events

The Red Cross Drive

NO ONE objects to the current campaign to raise $10,000,000 for the Red Cross by private subscription. Certainly we do not. It is particularly necessary that this private campaign succeed since, if Congress makes an appropriation for the Red Cross, it may be vetoed by President Hoover.

We cannot believe that the Red Cross campaign will fail. The American public, as Mrs. August Belmont pointed out in her recent radio address, has always responded to appeals for the Red Cross, for, as ex-Governor Smith declared over the same hook-up on the same evening, "there is no institution in our country that the American people point to with greater pride." Furthermore, in this case the need is appalling. In the words of Judge Payne, Red Cross chairman, "the Red Cross has never been confronted by a disaster of larger proportions."

The danger, then, is less that the $10,000,000 will not be raised than that it will be raised and found inadequate. Chairman Payne himself declares that the Red Cross is caring for 600,000 drought sufferers, who may number "almost a million" by February 1. At the rate of fifty cents a person a day, therefore, the proposed $10,000,000 fund would last but twenty days. Yet can an adequate fund, of, say, three times that size, be readily raised by private subscription? Probably not. Hence our support of Senator Robinson's measure making a federal appropriation to the Red Cross of $25,000,000.

Appropriation Needed

THERE IS NOTHING in the argument that Washington is bound by precedent against appropriating money for the relief of suffering. It has often made such appropriations. Neither is there anything in the fear that Congress would be setting up a dole system. A dole implies regular, continued payments, which no one is suggesting. If, however, a dole is defined as any form of financial benefit, then it must be said that we have a dole already. The federal government created it by appropriating $400,000,000 to raise and fix the price of farm products.

Finally, there is nothing in the argument that a federal appropriation would ruin the Red Cross. When the present emergency has passed, when prosperity has returned once more and people again are in a position to contribute generously to the Red Cross, that organization can readily resume its reliance on voluntary subscriptions, now so inadequate.

If the Red Cross can be injured, it cannot be injured by federal action to strengthen its arm. It may, however, be injured by such testimony as that lately given by Chairman Payne before a committee of the Senate. Mr. Payne testified that the Red Cross had ample funds on hand for carrying on relief work in the drought regions. Yet a few days later he himself asked for $10,000,000 more. Did the demands of the sufferers suddenly increase? Perhaps, but that would not excuse the failure of the Red Cross accurately to measure the extent of the need. Truth is, certain Red Cross officials, unwittingly no doubt, have allowed themselves to become part of the political effort to minimize the present emergency from both drought and depression.

The Red Cross drive for $10,000,000 should by all means be continued. It should, nevertheless, be supplemented promptly by a federal appropriation of $25,000,000.

The Spiritual Note

SOME OPPONENTS of Senator Robinson's proposal have sounded a soft note of idealism. They say it is better for those who give and for those who receive that relief should be furnished voluntarily. The voluntary spirit, they declare, the enthusiasm and drive which go with free-will giving, must not be dampened by a government appropriation.

Unfortunately, while pretty theories like these are being discussed, thousands of people are on the point of starvation. The present crisis is not dramatic; the Red Cross cannot rely on speeches and slogans to touch off public zeal but must make a slow, uphill grind for funds. Moreover, it is appealing to a public financially fagged by hard times and unconvinced that times will soon be better.

As to the comparative effects of voluntary and governmental relief upon the individual aided, we suggest that some Arkansas newspaper obtain an interview on the subject from one woman whose case was recently cited by Senator Caraway. This woman, already the mother of five children, is about to be confined. The father, a disabled World War veteran, has been in a hospital for several months. Meanwhile the mother and children live on turnips. The interviewer might ask this woman whether the spiritual value of food supplied by voluntary subscription would really be so much greater than that of food supplied by Congress.

Reactions to the Report

THE angry tumult over the dry recommendations of the Wickersham wets continues unabated. What has particularly infuriated the public is, first, the manner in which a predominantly wet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Complete Wire Reports of UNITED PRESS, The Greatest World-Wide News Service

The New York Telegram

7TH RACE RESULTS

Local Forecast—Fair tonight and tomorrow; colder tonight.

VOL. 63.—NO. 170.—IN TWO SECTIONS—SECTION ONE. 12B NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1931. Entered as second class matter, Post Office, New York, N. Y. PRICE THREE CENTS.

WICKERSHAM BODY FOR DRY LAW, BUT MAJORITY FAVORS REVISION

(FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF—WE CAN'T—EDITOR)

WHY EDITORS GO MAD

Or, How One Newspaper Responded to the Believe-it-or-not Wickersham Report

commission submitted a dry report out of deference to President Hoover, and, secondly, Mr. Hoover's gross misrepresentation of the report in his message transmitting it to Congress.

A day after the report was issued, the commission felt obliged to deny rumors that the President had " in any manner attempted to influence the recommendations." The denial is beside the point. Few people believe that Mr. Hoover directly attempted to dictate the commission's findings. What a great many people do believe, however—and let the Wickersham commissioners deny it if their consciences will let them—is that some of the commissioners knew what Mr. Hoover wanted and set out to give it to him. How else explain the fact that a commission with a wet majority—as shown by the individual opinions of the members—has submitted a dry report?

As for the President's misrepresentation of the report, it is unquestionably flagrant. A large majority of the commission, Mr. Hoover said, "does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." He did not mention the fact that two of the eleven commissioners, in their opinions attached to the report, declare for the immediate repeal of the amendment, while five declare for its immediate revision and three others for its revision if a further trial does not result in better enforcement.

The commission, said President Hoover, "clearly recognizes the gains which have been made and is resolute that those gains shall be preserved." He did not mention this statement in the report: "They [the gains from prohibition] are due, not so much to the attempt at federally enforced prevention of the use of intoxicating liquor, as to the closing or substantial closing of the old-time saloon."

The report, said Mr. Hoover, "calls attention to the urgency of obedience to law by our citizens." He did not mention these sentences from the report: "We expect legislation to conform to public opinion, not public opinion to yield to legislation. Whether public opinion at a given time and on a given subject is right or wrong is not a question which according to American ideas may be settled by the words, 'be it enacted.' "

Similar instances of misrepresentation might be multiplied indefinitely. The most kindly explanation of the discrepancy between the President's message and the report itself is that Mr. Hoover has not read the report. One almost wishes that were true.

▶▶*Republican Reactions*

As soon as public resentment against Mr. Hoover and his Wickersham commissioners became manifest, earnest but comical efforts were made to trot out the tricky Republican tactics of 1928. A "close friend" of the President and sources "close to the Administration"—probably they couldn't be closer—hurried into print with the news that Mr. Hoover had been terribly misinterpreted. To be sure, in his message submitting the Wickersham report to Congress he had opposed the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment which the Wickersham commissioners advanced, and obviously favored, but did not dare to advocate outright. But Mr. Hoover had not opposed all plans to revise the amendment; he had merely opposed this particular plan. As to other plans, he still had an "open mind." Just what Mr. Hoover was doing with an "open mind" after his own commission has completed its two-year, $500,000 investigation the "close friend" neglected to say.

Anyhow, something dreadful happened to the "close friend" almost immediately. He died. They do say he was killed, first, by messages from dry leaders that the President had better close his "open mind" if he wanted their support in 1932, and, secondly, by the refusal of Republican wets in 1931 to swallow political bologna labeled 1928. In 1928, because of the late lamented prosperity issue, Republican wets persuaded themselves that Mr. Hoover was less dry than he seemed to be in all his official utterances. A "close friend" assured them that Mr. Hoover was really a wet, and, for the sake of the stock market, they believed him. But since then prosperity has vanished, and the stock market too, very nearly, and Republican wets are in no mood to be hoaxed again. When the "close friend" appeared this time, he was greeted with a chorus of raspberries.

Make no mistake about it: Republican wets, particularly in the East, are mad clear through. They believe, and frankly say, that their party should repudiate Mr. Hoover and nominate Dwight W. Morrow or some other wet of his stature. If the Republican party does not nominate a Morrow, and if the Democratic party names an attractive candidate, many Eastern Republicans will stay home on election day and many others will bolt.

Meanwhile, whatever you do, don't tell wet Republicans that you have just acquired inside information indicating that Mr. Hoover is really a wet. They'll have your heart.

▶▶*Correct the Blunder*

On the question of the United States immigration law, said Foreign Minister Shidehara in his annual review of foreign affairs before the Japanese Diet, "there is no longer any doubt that our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position is now fully understood and appreciated by the large majority of the American people." There is, unfortunately, a great deal of doubt. Americans have a habit of overlooking or quickly forgetting most of the news from Washington. It should therefore be explained that the Japanese Foreign Minister is referring to the exclusion law of 1924, with which Congress prohibited emigration from Japan to the United States.

That action, now admitted to have been a blunder, created immediate resentment in Japan and, says Mr. Shidehara, "for the past seven years has been weighing heavily on popular sentiment." Evidently our delegates at the London naval conference discussed this exclusion policy with delegates from Japan early last year. At any rate, soon after the conference Chairman Johnson of the House Immigration Committee prepared to introduce a measure placing Japanese immigration on a regular quota basis.

This would mean that about two hundred Japanese would be eligible for admission each year. But, though the figure is inconsequentially small, it is a matter of first moment to the Japanese, who feel that the flat exclusion of 1924 stigmatized them as an inferior race. Our relations with Japan will never be wholly satisfactory until the stigma is removed. It should have been removed long since. Yet neither the Johnson proposal nor any other proposal of the sort has even been approved by Congress. Some such measure should, of course, be passed at once.

▸▸*The Josephine K. Case*

Let us get at the fundamental thing in the killing of Captain William P. Cluett, citizen of Canada and skipper of the Nova Scotian rum-runner Josephine K. Captain Cluett was killed when a coast guard cutter sent a one-pound shell through the pilot house of the schooner outside New York harbor. The coast guard contends that the Josephine K. was sighted within the twelve-mile limit, that Captain Cluett refused to heave to, that he ignored six warning shots, that he crowded on more speed and met death when a seventh shot was fired straight into the schooner.

All this may be true, though the ship owners deny that the Josephine K. was within the twelve-mile limit when set upon by the cutter. Yet charges and denials alike are as far from the essential point as the seizure of 10,000 gallons of liquor aboard the schooner and the displeasure of the Canadian government. In 1929 Canada was protesting over the sinking of the I'm Alone nearly 200 miles off the Louisiana coast. Yet so far the protest has come to nothing, and meanwhile there have been more irregular seizures, more shots by coast guardsmen and more killings on land and sea. Even the personal tragedies lead away from the point, though they should not be dismissed with the air of Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who described the killing of Captain Cluett as regrettable but merely an incident.

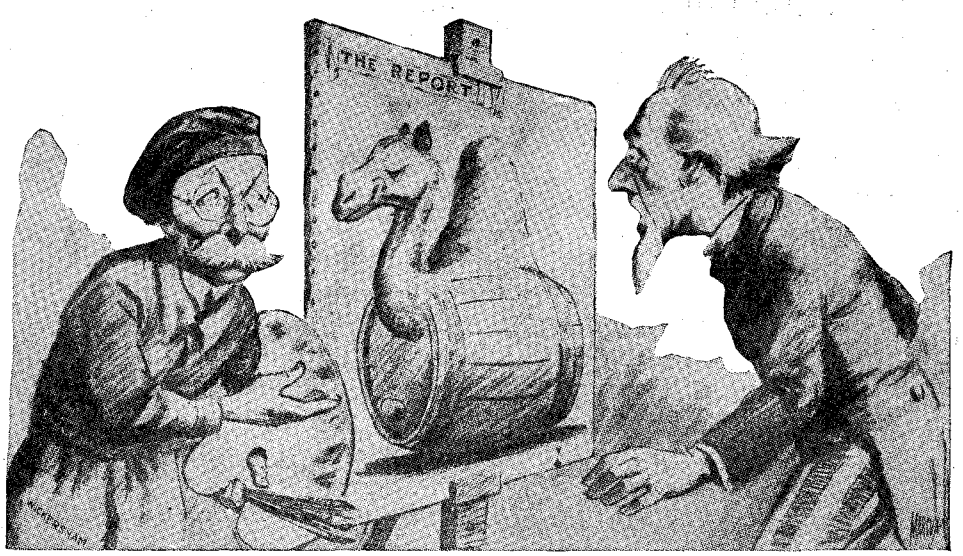
One has only to read the report of the Wickersham commission to find the fundamental point. Liquor smuggling, the commission declares, "has been elaborately organized, often with special craft, with radio stations, and with efficient service for soliciting business, directing the movements of boats, ascertaining the movements of enforcement agents and giving warning of their activities. It has developed all manner of ingenious apparatus, using the newest methods of engineering and science. The organizations can operate profitably if they land one boatload out of five. The margin of profit is more than enough to take care of all ordinary activities of enforcement agencies."

The fundamental thing, therefore, is the futility of capturing one or two or two hundred more boatloads of liquor. But, say the drys, strengthen the anti-smuggling agencies. So says the Wickersham commission also, but it also adds that "there is always the likelihood of any enforcement, however adequately equipped and maintained, falling into a routine which cannot keep up with the activities of those who are vigilantly searching for the weak points." Liquor smuggling, then, will continue as long as prohibition continues.

▸▸*Conference at Geneva*

The conference at Geneva on the proposed European federation climaxed a dull week with a mild surprise. No one expected the conference to produce what it did not, namely, a federation of European nations, but neither did anyone expect it to produce what it did, namely, another peace manifesto. In fact, the eleventh-hour manifesto seemed so far from the objective of the conference that it was criticized as a dramatic gesture designed to conceal an undramatic failure.

The cornerstone for a European federation was laid at Geneva in September, 1929, by French Foreign Minister Briand. While his ideas were at first rather cloudy, by May of last year they had crystallized into a specific plan —involving a president, a committee and a secretariat with headquarters at Geneva—which he dispatched to European members of the League of Nations. The replies were polite but skeptical. M. Briand's project won him many a verbal bouquet when it was presented to the League of Nations last fall, but the plan itself was coolly received. In the end, however, the League Assembly instructed the twenty-seven European members to form a committee to discuss the federation and submit recommendations by September, 1931. It was this committee which convened in Geneva on January 16, with twenty-



N. Y. Times

At last! The painting is finished!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three of the twenty-seven nations represented either by a premier or a foreign minister.

The conference did not attempt to lay actual foundations for a possible federation; that will be done at a second conference in May. The recent task was a colorless one of appointing committees —specifically, a wheat committee to study measures (including preferential tariff measures) designed to assure the export of Eastern Europe's farm surpluses, an agricultural committee to draw up a credit scheme for financing agriculture (thereby increasing markets for industry) and an organization committee to devise a plan for the union itself. Having named these committees, agreed to meet again in May and ended a bitter fight by inviting Russia and Turkey to future economic discussions, the conference did all it was expected to do and needed no peace gesture to justify its existence.

▶▶*Its Manifesto*

WHATEVER its motive, the Geneva manifesto was a gesture and nothing more. The twenty-seven subscribing nations merely announced that they were "more resolutely determined than ever to use the machinery of the League of Nations to prevent any resort to violence." They mentioned their belief that Europe's economic recovery had been hindered by lack of confidence, increased "by irresponsible talk" of war, and that the recovery could best be hastened by an assurance of peace. This hope of gaining economic prosperity through a promise of peace constitutes a novel approach for a conference designed to bring peace through a promise of economic prosperity.

The indifferent reception accorded the manifesto may be attributed in part to the continued war rumblings in Europe, described in the February *Scribner's* by George Seldes, former war correspondent and author of the book, *You Can't Print That*. Mr. Seldes concedes that the world is shouting for peace but he shows that the European nations have increased their war budget to some five billion dollars a year (about twice the figure of 1913), have mobilized the public mind and developed a nationalistic youth movement, fed with religion, patriotism, propaganda and hatred. There is Germany arousing the popular imagination against Poland, Hungary ready to strike Roumania, Bulgaria on the war-path and Austria struggling against her artificial boundary-lines. There is Mussolini ready to join these former enemies, not because Italy recognizes the justice of their claims, but because Italy wants the North African Coast, more Adriatic seaports and a few more Greek islands. While Fascism sends money to Germany, munitions to Hungary and intriguers to the Balkans, Mr. Seldes says, France starts to build a cordon around Russia by arming Poland, Czechoslovakia and Roumania and sending military commissions to Esthonia and Finland. Meanwhile Russia is preparing, planning to have about 17 millions partially trained by 1933, with two million civilians able to handle the rifle and five million women instructed in nursing and elementary military science.

Wide World

SPEAKS FOR HIS OWN
Elihu Root testifies on World Court protocols before Senate Committee

Moreover, the Geneva manifesto is too old a story. The nations have declared for peace before, without for a moment ceasing their preparations for battle. Signing the League Covenant, they agreed to use its machinery to prevent war; signing the Kellogg pact, they went further and agreed to abandon war as an instrument of national policy and to seek the settlement of their disputes by pacific means. If the promises of the Kellogg pact were worth anything, why issue weaker promises? If the signatures to the League Covenant were worth anything, why repeat them?

▶▶*Clinching Testimony*

RARELY does a committee have a mor vital witness than the Senate's Foreig Relations Committee had in Elihu Roo In 1925 the Senate approved our adher ence to the World Court with five reser vations. Members of the Court accepte four of these reservations immediately The fifth and unaccepted reservatio provided that the Court should not, with out our consent, entertain any reques from the League of Nations for a advisory opinion "touching any disput or question in which the United States has or claims an interest." It was Mr. Root who was commissioned to revise this reservation. His revision forms one of the three protocols which President Hoover has asked the Senate to ratify. The four other Senate reservations constitute the second protocol. The protocol of adherence is the third. Hence the question of our adherence to the Court resolves itself into the question of how good a job Mr. Root did in revising the fifth reservation.

For more than a year Mr. Hoover has been convinced that Mr. Root did a good job, i. e., that the United States has been safeguarded from entanglement in the diplomacy of other nations Mr. Hoover authorized American representatives to sign the protocols in December, 1929. He submitted them to the Senate for ratification in December 1930, declaring that "We cannot be summoned before this Court. We can from time to time seek its services by agreement with other nations. These protocols permit our withdrawal from the Court at any time without reproach or ill-will." Yet the President's assurances did not end the antagonism in the Senate, where such a bitter fight was brewing that pro-Court and anti-Court members of the Foreign Relations Committee joined in postponing a vote on ratification until the next session of Congress. Nevertheless they call upon Mr. Root to explain his revision.

Mr. Root's testimony substantiated Mr. Hoover's conviction. As to whether "there are any circumstances under which the Court can render an advisory opinion in which the United States has an interest or claims an interest, without its consent," Mr. Root said, "I do not think there is." As to whether an objection of the United States comprised "an absolute veto which would take away the jurisdiction of the Court from rendering an advisory opinion," Mr. Root answered, "Absolutely." These

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two answers should allay any honest opposition there may still be to American adherence. Mr. Root has the advantage of having written the reservation; if his interpretation is not sound, no interpretation is sound. His testimony forms the final and clinching pro-Court argument. If Congress is called into special session, its Senate should be pressed to a vote on the Court. If there is no special session of Congress, Mr. Hoover should summon a special session of the Senate alone to ratify the protocols. The United States should adhere to the Court with the least possible delay.

▶▶*Morals of Miami Beach*

Out of Miami Beach, Florida, comes news of a great moral war. On one side stand the tradesmen, demanding a a wide-open town lest romping northerners be moved to do their profitable romping elsewhere. On the other side stands the wealthy Committee of 100, demanding that the lid be nailed down tight. The tradesmen, presumably, are not without political power. But the plutocrats have a powerful weapon in their threat to withdraw all their investments in Miami Beach unless gamblers and such like citizens, accustomed to enjoying their winter sports in Florida, are shown unceremoniously to the door.

Ingeniously enough, Mayor Val C. Cleary has sought to pacify both sides. He made a good strong speech for law enforcement to the Committee of 100, but promised a "liberal policy" toward entertainment features in a statement to the tradesmen. Mayor Cleary sounds like a man with a great political future.

It is not typical to find plutocrats who are blue of nose and small tradesmen who are morally easy-going. From what we had read and heard about wickedness and ways to cure it, we had supposed that those with most of the money were those most corrupted by sin, from whose consequences they were saved only by statutes made and provided by poor but virtuous average citizens. It seems that isn't the way it goes in Miami Beach.

We suspect, though, that there is one feature of the case typical enough to satisfy anybody. The tradesmen would doubtless be hotly opposed to the flat repeal of state or local laws or ordinances against gambling and similar goings-on. Undoubtedly they consider such laws very good things to have. They just don't want to see them enforced, especially if their enforcement threatens to injure business. What could be more typical than that?

▶▶*Examples to the Young*

While Robert H. Lucas clings to his post as executive director of the Republican National Committee, two other tricky opponents of Senator Norris are answering Federal indictments in Nebraska. One is George W. Norris, the Broken Bow grocer who sought to force Senator George W. Norris to run as an independent last year by filing a second Norris candidacy in the Republican primaries. The other is Victor Seymour, manager at that time of the western headquarters of the Republican Senatorial Committee. The two were not indicted for the Broken Bow trick itself (which failed when Grocer Norris' application was ruled to have been filed too late) but for perjury before the Senate committee investigating campaign funds.

International

INDICTED
Grocer George W. Norris and Victor Seymour, both of Nebraska

It appears that in early hearings of the committee both Seymour and Grocer Norris pictured themselves as spotless. Seymour testified that he knew nothing of the grocer's candidacy until he read of it in the newspapers, while the meek little grocer maintained that he had filed of his own accord and had received no money. In a subsequent hearing before the committee a former stenographer in Seymour's office testified that the statement announcing Grocer Norris' entrance into the campaign was typed in Seymour's own office. Thereupon Grocer Norris recanted, Seymour resigned his managership of the Republican committee and the charges of perjury were entered.

All striving young ward heelers, however, should exult over Lucas rather than weep over Seymour and the groceryman. While the two Nebraskans may be miserable Lucas is well content. Surreptitiously, Lucas shipped low campaign literature into Nebraska to defeat the official senatorial nominee of the Republican party whom he was supposed to support. For this Lucas, too, was investigated by the Senate campaign committee. But did he quake and change his testimony? Not at all. As the facts slipped out he admitted them. In fact, he gloried in his trick, called Senator Norris a Democrat and tried to pitch him out of the party. Thus, Lucas faces no indictment, holds his job and evidently sits pretty with the Administration. So be brazen, you young politicians. Be brazen, if you would be happy.

▶▶*Gandhi's Release*

The unconditional release of Mahatma Gandhi from the jail near Poona offers no assurance of Indian accord. In ordering the release Viceroy Irwin included the members of Gandhi's Nationalist working committee, thereby enabling them to meet and discuss the Indian federation outlined by Premier MacDonald at the close of the recent conference in London. In jail and out, Gandhi's Nationalists boycotted this conference, demanding a full national government responsible only to the people of India and possessing the right to secede from the empire. These demands were never seriously considered at the conference, which closed with Mr. MacDonald accepting the principle of dominion status as an objective toward which India would be allowed to advance but rejecting it flatly as a matter of immediate concern. Mr. MacDonald offered a new constitution for India but reserved the essential powers of controlling foreign affairs, finances and defense to His Majesty's Government. Hence the vital question was whether Gandhi would even discuss the MacDonald declaration, as far as ever from the Nationalist demands.

On leaving Yeroda prison Gandhi promised to study and discuss the declarations—on conditions, however, which showed him the same clever negotiator who opened the campaign of civil disobedience a month before he wel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comed his jail sentence last May. Gandhi said that he and his Nationalist leaders would not be happy so long as freedom was denied the 50,000 other Nationalists whom the British had clapped into prison. Yet this statement, backed by his prediction that he himself would soon be returned to jail, is less noteworthy than Gandhi's proviso that the British approach discussions of India's problems "in the same spirit as I."

This stipulation cannot be overshadowed by Gandhi's dramatic release, his midnight ride to Bombay or even the new promise of British Conservatives to carry out MacDonald's policy on India. Neither Gandhi nor the British have shown any disposition to renounce their fundamental principles, respectively an India controlling herself and an India controlled by Britain. Yet one side must back down before there is peace in India. It will not be the British, who have probably gone their limit in the MacDonald statement. Whether or not it will be Gandhi cannot yet be determined, though he has been manoeuvred into a position where he will have to restate his demands. At best, Gandhi's acceptance of that position offers no great hope that he will weaken.

▶▶*War Debt Cancellation*

EVER since the close of the War this country has been hearing pleas from both sides of the Atlantic that we cancel all or part of the debts contracted by our war associates. For years the arguments for cancellation have run from sentimental reminders that the United States government loaned the money in furtherance of a common objective, i e., the defeat of Germany, to highly controversial claims that the allied governments were unable to repay. Interestingly enough, the drive for cancellation has been spurred, rather than halted, by the passing of America's prosperity.

In mid-January we noted that reduction of the debts was being advocated by Paul M. Warburg and Albert H. Wiggin, two of the best minds in American business. Since then it has been endorsed by Governor Ritchie of Maryland and Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. It is noteworthy that all four men argue that debt reduction—cancellation in part—would be good business for the United States. "We are the chief sufferers by the war debt settlement," Dr. Butler declares. "While millions of dollars in money are being brought across the sea at stated intervals to be lodged in our treasury, tens of millions of dollars are being paid by the American farmer, the American wage-earner, the American business man and the American investor through destruction of values, loss of markets and disruption of trade."

The profit-and-loss argument is by far the strongest. In fact, it is the only argument that will be considered. What the cancellationists must ram home to

International

NICHOLAS MIRACULOUS

President Butler of Columbia University advocates reduction in war debts

the American people is how—exactly how—cancellation will be advantageous to the United States. How will it increase European purchases from America rather than merely increase Europe's ability to produce its own goods? How will it prevent an increase in American taxation rather than merely produce a decrease in European taxation? This is the outline of the case which the cancellationists must prepare and prove. If their argument is valid, preparation of the case should not be difficult. Once the proof is presented, the way to cancellation will be clear. Until then the United States may be expected to collect all that its debtors are able to pay.

▶▶*Fight of the Railroads*

WHILE THE consolidation plan for eastern railroads is under examination by the Interstate Commerce Commission two western railroads are cutting local passenger rates from 3.6 to two cents a mile in order to meet competition from bus lines. One of these roads is the electrified Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; the other is the St. Louis & San Francisco. Although the "Milwaukee" reductions are applicable only to feeder lines in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, the railroad maintains that the experiment, if successful, will eventually be extended, probably to include the entire system. Futhermore, other western railroads are considering, some apparently planning, similar rate reductions, while the Interstate Commerce Commission has just authorized the use of joint low rates from southeastern states to the Pacific Coast.

These developments are more significant as indicating the dire straits of the railroads than as indicating a way out of their emergency. The motor-bus is but one of the competitors cutting into railroad revenues. At most it cuts only into passenger revenues, while motor trucks, gasoline and oil pipe lines, coast, lake and river steamers are securing freight tonnage, the veritable backbone of railroad profits. It was partly and frankly as a means of increasing the railroads' "ability to compete with other forms of transportation" that President Hoover found merit in the eastern consolidation plan. Even before that development in the east, American's Class I railroads began drafting a legislative program to be presented to Congress with a view of putting their rivals under Interstate Commerce Commission restrictions and enabling the railroads themselves to squirm out from under certain restrictions which have prevented their own operation of motor and steamship lines.

While these measures probably will not be presented to Congress before the next long session, the Manufacturers and Shippers' Association is now introducing bills favoring the railroads into many state legislatures, particularly in the west. These bills would fasten tighter state regulation and heavier state taxation upon all motor carriers. Should they be enacted they would not, of course, relieve the railroads of water and pipe line competition any more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would the reduced fares on the western railroads. Yet both the bills and the price-wars may be watched as a prelude of the railroads' battle for tonnage, with the fate of the bills in the state legislatures perhaps indicating the railroads' chance of getting real relief in Congress.

▶▶*Fixing Rail Rates*

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION wishes Congress to lighten the task of railroad rate-making which has become doubly difficult through Supreme Court interpretations of various transportation acts. The commission is required by law to recapture from all railroads one-half of their earnings in excess of a 5¾ per cent return on their value. Under the Supreme Court ruling in the famous O'Fallon case of 1929 the commission is compelled to consider current cost of construction or reproduction as an element of a railroad's value. This decision so prolonged and complicated the job of valuing railroads that the commission now asks Congress to repeal the recapture clause and to revise the legal standards for determining transportation rates. The commission would not limit railroad earnings to any arbitrary percentage but would base rates partly on economic conditions and the needs of the carriers, which would permit excess income in prosperous times to offset losses in depressions.

The commission complains of the enormous expense and delay involved in the process of recapture and of the difficulty of utilizing the funds once they are recaptured. Up till now the commission has been able to recapture but twelve million dollars (instead of the 300 millions it had expected to recapture up to the time of the O'Fallon decision), while the Treasury Department has been unable to lend a dollar of this fund to weak railroads as provided by law. As its third reason for repeal of the recapture provision the commission hits at the Supreme Court, depicting the menace of litigation involved in recapture "under circumstances which may be conducive to the establishment of principles [by the Supreme Court] which will have a far-reaching and unfavorable effect upon public regulation of railroads and utilities generally."

The commission does not say what principles it means but it strikes at the Supreme Court again in advocating that the reproduction factor in valuing railroads be abolished in favor of a basic valuation plus expenditures for improvements. Unless these changes are made, the commission says, "the process of valuation will always be in arrears."

Thus, what the commission wants is more power to regulate the railroads and less Supreme Court interference in that regulation. What it promises is not lower rates but "the lowest rates consistent with adequate service and the meeting of the transportation needs." Whatever the reaction to its plea for abandonment of the recapture provision, the commission will not get its proposed rate-making powers without a fight which may be expected to end in the Supreme Court.

Remarkable Remarks

The past year has been one of repeated disappointments. — CHARLES E. MITCHELL.

It is not an easy matter for eleven individuals to agree on any report concerning the problem of prohibition enforcement. — WILLIAM S. KENYON.

The whole subject is one of great difficulty.—GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM.

The fact that commission members who are wet joined in the report recommending no repeal is a tribute, as I see it, to prohibition.—SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

The President's message [accompanying the Wickersham Report] does credit to a leader on moral issues.—SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS.

What this country needs is the renascence of the hick.—STANLEY WALKER.

▶▶*Conference of Governors*

WHILE SENATOR WAGNER'S well-rounded unemployment program was being pigeonholed in Washington, Governor Roosevelt of New York was putting in a few strokes for unemployment himself. Back in December Mr. Roosevelt asked the governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio to meet at Albany in January to study the problem of stabilizing employment in the industrial east. He now announces that the conference, attended by six governors and a representative of the seventh, has produced a threefold program.

The conference authorized a comparative study of labor and corporation tax laws in the seven states with the intention of producing greater uniformity —a movement which Mr. Roosevelt supports in order that New York may advance in welfare legislation without forcing her industries to other states. Again, in moving toward the creation of a central clearing house for collecting, standardizing and interchanging unemployment statistics, the conference sought a means to prevent unnecessary migration of labor and to decrease unemployment in any one locality. The hope is that Yale University will set up a temporary clearing house and that a permanent one will be established if the experiment proves successful. This step was followed, logically enough, by the Governor's agreement to conduct a cooperative study of all European and American forms of unemployment insurance, both private and public, compulsory and voluntary. This study parallels for the seven states that projected for the nation in one of the Wagner bills.

The program is good enough as far as it goes, which is not as far as Governor Roosevelt would have taken it. Meanwhile it will do Mr. Roosevelt no harm to identify himself with the relief of unemployment. The Governor has the advantage of striking at unemployment in the region most heavily hit by industrial depression. The 40 million inhabitants of the seven eastern states comprise a third of the nation's population. Should they find the activity in Albany to their liking, and should this further Mr. Roosevelt's presidential ambitions, his opponents in both parties can but blame themselves for giving so little heed to the federal unemployment program sponsored by Senator Wagner.

▶▶*Work of League Council*

THREE ACTS OF THE League of Nations Council stood out from its sixty-second session which adjourned on January 24. The problem most easily disposed of was that of slavery in Liberia, reports of which were confirmed last year by a League commission. The Council did nothing more than create another commission to devise means of ending Liberian slavery and of stabilizing Liberian finances and health. Considering Liberia's intimate relations with America, it was natural for the Council to make way for the United States to participate in the commission's meetings.

The problem of Poland's maltreatment of its German minorities was more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dangerous. While the League is obligated to protect minorities created by the war settlement, any drastic move against Poland was virtually prohibited by Poland's membership in the Council. Moreover, France would have been inclined to resent any hearty slap at Poland, while any sparing of the rod would certainly have aroused Foreign Minister Curtius of Germany. Hence the Council urged that activities of anti-German organizations be curbed by the Polish government, mollifying this suggestion by honeyed phrases and by postponing further action.

The most important work of the recent session would seem to be the decision to call a world disarmament conference to meet in February, 1932. As to that, we shall see when and if the conference completes its work. To date the governments of the world have shown no disposition to fulfill the disarmament pledges they made twelve years ago when they signed the League of Nations Covenant. The series of preliminary disarmament conferences have been half-hearted affairs, with the delegates talking reduction as if with tongue in cheek. The final conference last fall was a notable example; its much-heralded treaty framework proved to be nothing more than suggestions for stabilizing armaments—suggestions, moreover, accompanied by a galaxy of reservations. Truth is, whatever they may be next year, the nations today are no more ready to disarm than a Chicagoan to sleep with his door open.

▸▸*In Brief*

AT ANY RATE, say this about the Wickersham investigation: For the first time, doubtless, in recorded history, a majority has submitted a minority report. . . Frozen-faced comedians are, after all, more common than anyone knew. Look at all the commentators who say without a smile that Mr. Hoover cannot advocate a change in a law he is sworn to enforce . . . Here's an expert who holds that the motion pictures of today are not fit for children. Well, then, whom are they fit for? . . . There was no opposition in the Senate to the bill to distribute 20,000,000 bushels of the Federal Farm Board's wheat for relief purposes. Because you see—or maybe you don't—there's nothing wrong in principle in giving the needy farmer wheat. What's wrong in principle is giving him money with which to buy wheat.

Ritchie—A Man of Convictions

An Editorial

THE fourth inaugural address of Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie of Maryland has been interpreted as a bid for the Democratic nomination for President. There is, in fact, no other way to interpret it. What we wish to do at this time in this place, however, is not to consider Governor Ritchie in relation to 1932, but to set forth his philosophy of government and pay him tribute.

Governor Ritchie has been called a man with a platform. Its principal planks are tolerance, liberty and states' rights. The Governor described it more fully in his inaugural on January 14. Certain traditions, he said, underlie the Maryland theory—i. e., the Ritchie theory—of government. "These traditions are toleration in all things and to all people; ordered liberty for the individual and the right to follow his own pursuits and to secure his own happiness in his own way, so long as he does not interfere with the like rights of others or the recognized sanctions of society; and a self-governing state, free to settle its local problems in conformity with the needs of its people, who should be unhampered by an excess of government from within and by undue federal supervision or interference from without."

Governor Ritchie has been advocating this platform up and down the country, in season and out of season, for the past decade and more. He faces its implications squarely, discusses them outspokenly. Indeed, it may be said of him more truthfully perhaps than of any other public official that, if you wonder where he stands on any question, you have merely to ask him. He does not dodge, fence-walk or hide in ambiguity, though he has seen battalions of pussyfooters go far by treading softly.

Needless to say, the platform on which he stands implies opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment. He has therefore opposed it heart and soul. He opposed it when it was considered politically dangerous to do so. He still opposes it now that it is considered politically shrewd to do so. No one has a better right to say: "We [we in Maryland] have been steadfast in this position when others who now embrace it and acclaim it lacked either the courage or the conviction to declare it."

Believing that "the people who are least governed are best governed," he inevitably believes that, so far as possible, the government should keep out of business. But, he declares, if business should be kept free of governmental interference, "it can deserve and achieve this freedom only by developing a higher order of self-government and by tackling those problems which are of its own making instead of passing them on to government." Industry, he says, "complains of government in business and then powerful interests insist on writing its tariff bills, flexible and inflexible, and thus put government into business in its most obnoxious forms. It puts its billions into public utilities, and then pits propaganda against politics, instead of applying to its affairs an enlightened business statesmanship to which the public would respond."

Business, he holds, could throw off the incubus of excessive governmental interference by exercising a more intelligent self-government of its own. It should, for instance, work out and take over "the problems of labor turn-over and involuntary unemployment. Industry should evolve its own forms of prevention and put the burden of this on its own economic surplus." Ritchie, then, does not use his "liberty" issue to hide or excuse the shortcomings or greed of private enterprise.

The quaint old custom of speaking for individual liberty and states' rights in one breath, only to oppose them in the next, has no appeal for Ritchie. He does not believe that the government should keep out of the power business but get into the farm business. He is not an opponent of a federal anti-lynching law and an advocate of a federal prohibition law. He does not argue that wets should be privileged to criticize the Constitution but that Socialists who criticize it should be hung up by the thumbs.

Whether he or any one else can make his platform a lively political reality for the entire nation we do not know. It would take a deal of plugging, would require active, consistent championship, and the fact is that Ritchie is the only national figure willing to stand on the platform in both fair and rainy weather. Many politicians pay it lip service, but they pay it no more than that. For example, both Mr. Borah and Mr. Coolidge are hot for liberty and states' rights. Yet, impossibly enough, the former is also hot for federal prohibition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and no one knows whether the latter is or not. So with many others. Put their theory to a genuine test and they themselves line up with its opponents.

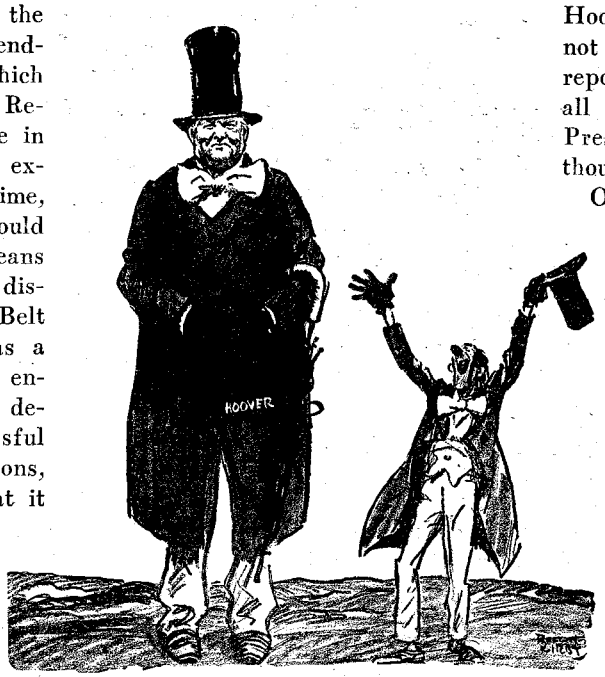
But not Ritchie. Ritchie is that rare present-day politician, a man of principle and conviction, whose beliefs dictate his acts. Ritchie sticks to his platform, defending it vigorously and persuasively. You know where to find him, that he means what he says and that you can trust him till the cows come home.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE surprised that anybody of discernment should have been perplexed or pained by the confusing conclusions of the Wickersham Commission. It has, we happen to know, been a facing-both-ways body from the start, and it was conceived in a spirit of political expediency. We have mentioned this before, but recent developments have made it pertinent again, and that is that it was designed by President Hoover and his advisers as one means of straddling the prohibition issue in 1928. According to William J. Donovan, who is generally regarded as the author of the whole idea, it was intended to be a piece of machinery which would reconcile both wet and dry Republicans to Mr. Hoover's attitude in the last presidential campaign. As explained by Mr. Donovan at that time, Republican wets of the North could point to the proposed inquiry as a means whereby prohibition could be discredited, whereas drys of the Bible Belt could hail the commission idea as a method whereby ways of making enforcement more effective could be devised. That strategy proved successful in 1928, and, with some modifications, the White House cohorts hope that it will work again in 1932.

That the commission would bow before partisan and presidential exigencies was proved long ago. We recall, for instance, that when Chairman Wickersham informed the House Appropriations Committee of his plan to make a searching study of the wisdom of the dry laws, Anti-Saloon Leaguers on the committee threatened to withhold funds. No sooner had this threat been uttered than Mr. Wickersham beat a quick retreat, and concurred in the drys' opinion that the commission was not empowered to subject the Eighteenth Amendment to intellectual scrutiny. Subsequently, when Senator Borah delivered his thunderous attack against the Administration's prohibition policies, the commission rushed to the President's rescue with half a dozen emergency and ill-considered enforcement measures designed to placate the drys. This was, as everybody here knew, a purely political move that was made in a mad hope of pulling Mr. Hoover out of a deep hole. In their appearances before the House Judiciary Committee, Commissioners Wickersham and Pound conceded that their legislative suggestions were half-baked, and should be radically changed before enactment. Only one of the commission's proposals—that for scaling down offenses under the Jones law—has become law, and it is doubtful if any of the other politico-legislative suggestions will be accepted even by an overwhelmingly dry Congress.



N. Y. World

Hosanna!

Despite Mr. Wickersham's denial, which would have carried more weight had it not been for his previous performances, the Capital firmly believes that Mr. Hoover intervened to block a recommendation for revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. In fact, Henry W. Anderson, who fathered a specific plan of revision, is authority for the statement that at one time six commissioners had agreed upon his proposal. Dean Roscoe Pound also let it be known that the commission would propose a loosening of the dry laws, and the flood of newspaper stories to this effect early in December were inspired by his talkativeness. In view of the deception of the final report, it may be of interest that, while Dean Pound was predicting a wet recommendation, Judge William S. Kenyon was giving out word that the document would be dry. It was, and is, as Mr. Hoover undoubtedly hoped it would be, all things to all men—in short, an ideal political platform for a President seeking reelection in the face of adverse circumstances.

Now, there can be no doubt of Mr. Hoover's desire to make capital of this ambiguity. In his message transmitting the report to Congress he labeled himself as a dry, and was so accepted by the nation, which had not then been given the real import of the commission's recommendations. It is, to our mind, idle to accept the view of certain presidential spokesmen that Mr. Hoover, like the rest of the country, did not have access to that portion of the report which condemned prohibition and all its works. As often happens, the President acted hastily and without thought of the consequences.

Overnight, however, the White House received thousands of telegrams of protest for its indorsement of the commission's left-handed eulogy of the "noble experiment." Influential politicians telegraphed that he had signed his own death warrant and that of the Republican party, too. It was then that Mr. Hoover and his friends began to beat a retreat—a manoeuvre which is still in progress. Mr. Hoover himself sent for one correspondent of a wet Republican newspaper—Theodore C. Wallen of the New York *Herald Tribune*—to inform him that he simply meant to oppose the plan of revision sponsored by the commission, and to emphasize that he was not a bone dry. With such an example, Walter F. Newton, the President's secretary, and all his close friends, moved quickly to spread the gospel of an "open-minded Hoover." Every wire the White House can pull to influence public opinion was tugged frantically to prevent a serious split in the G. O. P. So that, despite all the fine promises of subjecting prohibition to scientific treatment and taking it out of politics, Mr. Hoover has mired it deeper in political mud and misrepresentation than ever before. A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lawbreakers in High Office

By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

Is our Constitution, bulwark of John Citizen's vanishing liberties, becoming an archaic instrument, honored more in the breach than in the observance? Here a section is ignored, there an amendment nullified, elsewhere a provision openly and shamelessly flaunted, and not always through ignorance. Not only John Citizen but the law makers and the law enforcers as well have become law breakers, as Mr. Helm points out in this article.

IN THE early days of 1918 there came to the White House one afternoon a confidential agent of the Treasury on a personal mission to Woodrow Wilson.

"I have been sent over, Mr. President," the caller explained, "to offer you any assistance you may desire in making out your income tax return."

The President frowned. He leaned back in his swivel chair. His eyes rested briefly and disapprovingly on his visitor, then strayed to the Virginia hills across the Potomac, purpling in the growing dusk. Presently he spoke, somewhat crisply.

"I need no assistance," he said. "Let me suggest that you read the Constitution of the United States."

In some confusion the visitor withdrew. Outside, he groped in a mental fog for the President's meaning. "The Constitution; read the Constitution!" That was what Mr. Wilson had said. The words raced through his mind. Now what did the President mean by that?

Back at the Treasury, he sat down at his desk and turned the pages of a book, obtained with some difficulty, containing a copy of the Constitution. He started to read the document from its beginning. When he came to Article II, Section 1, Paragraph 7, he stopped. Here is what he read:

> The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected.

He put the book aside. That, undoubtedly, was what the President meant him to read. Its meaning was clear. Woodrow Wilson thus had announced he was above the workings of a tax law passed by Congress after he had taken office. His salary was to be neither "increased nor diminished" during his term, directly or indirectly.

So Woodrow Wilson's compensation as President remained unaffected by the federal income tax laws passed between March 4, 1917, the beginning of his second term, and the day, four years later, when he retired to private life. He probably was the only $75,000-a-year man in the country who did not feel the burden of the heavy federal income taxes levied during that period.

Warren Harding succeeded him; and not long thereafter death elevated Calvin Coolidge to the presidency. In Harding's term and again and again while Coolidge was President Congress cut taxes. The process continued into the days of Herbert Hoover's administration. Did Harding, Coolidge or Hoover accept the varying reductions authorized by Congress during their terms? If so, were they right, or was Wilson? I do not pretend to know. The point is raised here merely to illustrate a minor phase of the workings of the Constitution as it relates to the President. It is quite conceivable that one or more of Mr. Wilson's successors, without thought of the point involved, followed the changing schedules of the income tax as the law was changed from time to time by Congress.

There have been five tax cuts since the latter part of 1921. The indirect effect of each one has been to increase the net compensation of the President, along with other salaried persons. If any President availed himself of the current reduction, enacted within his term, it seems obvious that either he or Wilson was wrong. Both certainly could not be right in their opposing interpretations of the Constitution.

Such possible deviation from the letter of the fundamental law on its face would be due to oversight, but that is beside the point. Nobody questions the President's sincerity; everybody knows he tries punctiliously to obey letter and spirit of the federal laws of which he is the chief enforcement officer. Here, however, is a situation in which even the most careful President easily could deviate from the law without even knowing it. If the President is placed in such plight, what about the ordinary citizen?

The incident is unusual, but there is nothing unusual in the frequent disregard of the law by Congress governors, legislatures and the courts. Time after time these high exponents of law observance, wittingly or otherwise have broken the laws they have sworn to uphold. Almost without exception they have preached law observance to the general public, thundering their creed from bench and hustings. They have not always practiced what they preached. Possibly, therefore, some of the prevailing contempt for the law with which we, the common herd, are charged, has its ancestry in the law's disregard by its own high priests. When the shepherd wanders off, the flock may go astray.

I am not thinking now of the prohibition laws or of the multitude of evils they have spawned. The wreckage of broken laws lies all around and in it the prohibition laws are conspicuous; but let us forget about them for the time and consider only other legislation dishonored by its chief trustees. So without thought of prohibition, we take notes on law observance or non-observance in the light of other statutes.

We have mentioned the President How about the Senate? We turn to the Constitution and early in our perusal of that document we find (Article I, Section 3, Paragraph 1) the following language:

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the legislature thereof . . . .

And, in the Seventeenth Amendment it is found that the method of choosing Senators by the legislatures has been altered so that they are now elected by direct vote of the people. Two Senators from each State, says the Constitution. Yet from March 4, 1927, to December 12, 1929, a period of nearly three years, the Senate accorded Pennsylvania but one Senator. There was no question as to the election of William S. Vare. Every one admitted it. Vare, however, was not permitted to take his seat; and many Constitutional lawyers hold that the Senate flaunted the plain provisions of the Constitution in denying it to him. Huge sums were spent in nominating and electing him, but even his foes admit he was elected in the manner prescribed by the basic law.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Constitution in effect guaranteed Vare a seat in the Senate when elected. Once seated, the Senate, under its Constitutional right to pass upon the fitness *of its own members,* could have expelled him immediately. In doing so it would have been well within its Constitutional prerogatives. But the Constitution nowhere gives the Senate the right to pass upon the fitness of *prospective* Senators; the provision applies only to *actual* members.

The Senate judged Vare when he was not a member of that body. It acted likewise in the case of Mr. Smith, elected in Illinois. In each instance the verdict may have been just, but that is not the point. Obviously the verdict should have been reached in the manner prescribed by the Constitution and not in disregard of the Constitution. But however reached, it stands; there is no power to punish a Senate that chooses, in such circumstances, to flaunt the Constitution.

So much for the Senate. The House of Representatives has equal facility which it has exercised recently without penalty, to scrap the Constitution. Article I, Section 2, Paragraph 3, directs—not only authorizes but commands—the reapportionment of Representatives among the various states after each decennial census. For ten years subsequent to the 1920 census that provision was a dead letter. The House, where such legislation must originate, disregarded its Constitutional mandate. It simply laid down on the job and there was no power above it to compel it to go to work in that particular. Yet there was no lack of orators in the five Congresses that sat during the decade—orators who preached as gospel to the common herd the doctrine of law observance. How forceful their plea in the light of their example! And how consistent!

Both Senate and House are involved in a different sort of case which involves the federal estate tax. Many persons believe such a tax highly desirable. Perhaps it is; but the Constitution originally provided (Article I, Section 2, Paragraph 3) that direct federal taxes should be levied among the states only "according to their respective numbers" of free persons as ascertained by recurring federal censuses. The Sixteenth Amendment changed the provision, lifting the method in the case of the federal income tax alone. All other forms of direct taxation, not being mentioned in the amendment, must be levied, it would seem reasonably clear, under the unamended or original formula. Nevertheless a direct tax is levied by the federal government on the transfer of estates. It might be argued that such estates constitute income to their recipients, but the Treasury Department rules otherwise and declares they are not income. The sums involved are not taxed as income. Advocates of the law assert that the tax is an excise measure levied not on the estate but on its transfer. That is the loophole in which it nestles.

How unnecessary, then, the Sixteenth Amendment! Under that argument income taxes could be levied effectively not on the incomes of the individuals affected but on the transfer of their incomes to them!

Congress and possibly even the President apparently may disregard the Constitution with impunity if not with propriety in certain instances; and governors and state legislatures likewise reserve the same privilege. Let us, for instance, turn to two other provisions of the Constitution, the first being Article IV, Section 2, Paragraph 2, which reads as follows:

> A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the Executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime.

The second citation is Article VI, Paragraph 2. We read:

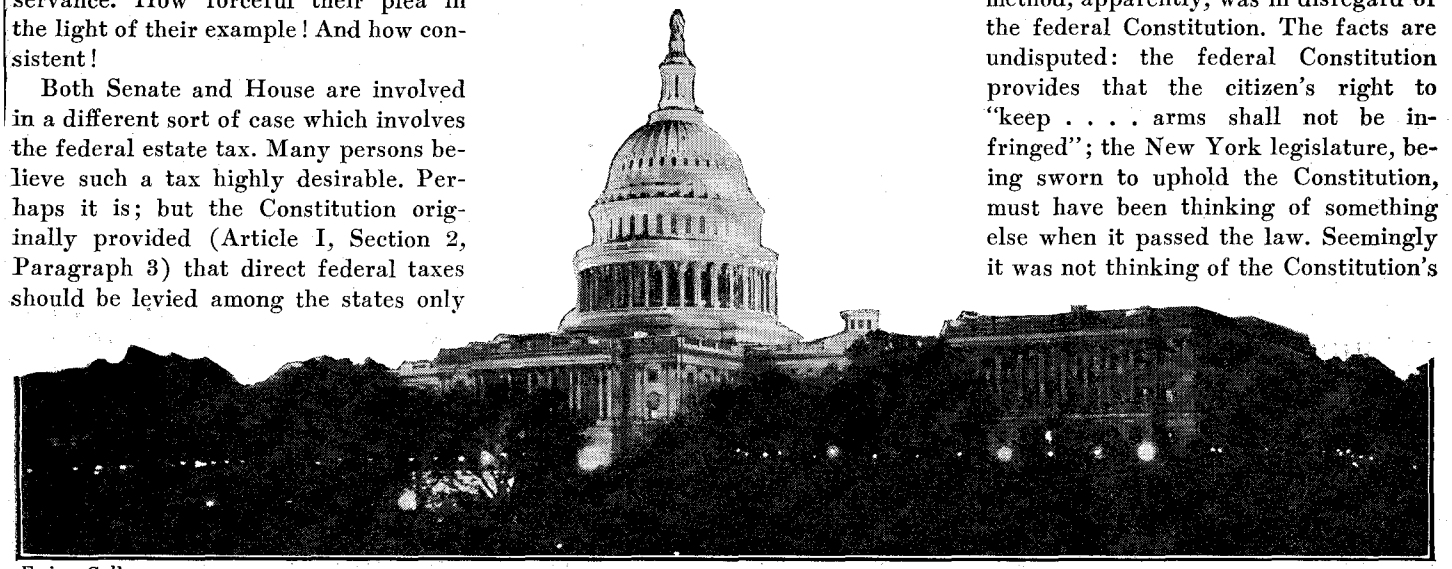
> The Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof . . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Thus it would appear that the governor of any state wherein a fleeing criminal is apprehended has no choice but to surrender the fugitive to the state from which he fled. Indeed, the fugitive need not be a proved criminal; the mandate applies to any one "charged" with crime. Generally the mandate is followed, but not always. Any lawyer can cite many instances where it has been disregarded. A fight against extradition is worth the effort; it sometimes succeeds. But there is no recorded instance where any governor has ever been fined or jailed or punished in any way whatsoever for disregard of this provision of the federal Constitution. How this can happen is not exactly clear; does not His Excellency take oath, on assuming office, that he will uphold the Constitution?

The Second Amendment to the Constitution reads as follows:

> A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep or bear arms shall not be infringed.

Yes? Just try it in the Empire State where possession of a revolver is a criminal offense! New York's legislation outlawing the pistol was passed, of course, in the interest of the public welfare. The intent was benevolent; the method, apparently, was in disregard of the federal Constitution. The facts are undisputed: the federal Constitution provides that the citizen's right to "keep . . . . arms shall not be infringed"; the New York legislature, being sworn to uphold the Constitution, must have been thinking of something else when it passed the law. Seemingly it was not thinking of the Constitution's



Ewing Galloway

The meeting place of law makers and some law breakers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being the supreme law, "anything in the . . . . laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

While on the subject of state legislatures and courts, it might be well to read Article IV, Section 1, which says:

> Full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State.

To the layman relying on the Constitution that provision seems to indicate that his acts in one state, adjudged legal by that state's courts, shall be regarded as legal after their performance, in every other state. A wise provision, that; it is comforting, of course, to know of that provision in the basic law. Now let's see what happens in some instances. A man, let us assume, gives up his residence in New York, goes to Nevada, establishes residence there in accordance with its laws, obtains a quick divorce and then leaves the state. He returns to New York, stopping off in Pennsylvania to remarry.

Theoretically he still is a resident of Nevada. What is his actual status? It changes with the state lines. In Nevada, he is a divorced man. In Pennsylvania, he is a re-married man. In New York, he may be a bigamist. New York courts can disregard wholly his Nevada actions, though Nevada has certified their legality. His New York mate can sue for divorce in New York courts and win her case merely by introducing the record of his Pennsylvania marriage. His introduction of the Nevada divorce court record may—and often does—count for nothing. Indeed, New York authorities may prosecute him for bigamy! And as he serves his term in a New York penitentiary he may have the comfort and solace of knowing that, constitutionally, he is guaranteed against prosecution. Without doubt, he has vast respect for the law.

As for the federal courts, their record since John Marshall's day has been a record of self-seized power and authority ever grown more and more extensive until today they can do almost anything under the sun with impunity. They are the final authority; above them there exists no power to review their acts or decisions, to check their greed for power, to define the boundaries of their jurisdiction.

Many a constitutional lawyer of high repute stands aghast today at the rapacity of the federal courts. The ordinary citizen, going about his routine affairs, has not the faintest inkling of their vast powers and their endless power to seize more power. A Constitutional provision (in Article III) for instance, is that:

> The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury . . . .

If the Supreme Court of the United States today should hold that this plain language meant "the trial of all crimes *not involving moral turpitude*" that decision would automatically become the law of the land, enforceable by the army, the navy, the coast guard and all the sheriffs in Texas; no effort of the American people, short of a new constitution or a constitutional amendment, could change it. And the instance is not far-fetched, as we shall show presently. Five men, a majority of the court, could stand against the nation.

Some of the Supreme Court's decisions are incomprehensible to the ordinary layman. Here, for instance, is the Fourth Amendment:

> The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

That language seems reasonably clear. How has it been interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States?

In mistaken faith a man and his wife start out at night in their automobile to traverse a section of a country road. The man, at the wheel, driving carefully and legally, is commanded to halt by shadowy figures who turn out to be prohibition agents. If he disregards the order, he may be shot to death as he drives along; if he obeys it his car is searched for contraband. Neither writ nor warrant is shown or referred to. The unfortunate motorist may read the Fourth Amendment to the federal agents till he starves; it has not the slightest effect upon their actions.

He may test the strength of his constitutional protection in court. The Supreme Court of the United States will uphold the federal agents, because the Supreme Court of the United States already has upheld them in other cases. Notwithstanding the plain language of the federal Constitution, his right, under such circumstances, to be "secure in his effects against unreasonable search" simply doesn't exist. The Supreme Court says so. How can this be? To one who stops to reflect, there is a possible answer. Those who framed the Constitution simply forgot to write three little words in that provision of the immortal document. Obviously, they should have made it read:

> The right of the people to be secure in their . . . . effects, *except for automobiles*, shall not be violated.

So, in effect, has decided the Supreme Court of the United States.

Nor is the roadside officer alone in flaunting, with court approval if not approbation, this constitutional guarantee. Time after time Congressional investigating committees through their paid agents have invaded private offices in quest of promising leads. These agents after pawing over private papers have departed with such loot as they think worth while.

"You have violated the Fourth Amendment!" a woman lobbyist shrilled not long ago from the witness stand of a committee hearing conducted in the name of the Senate. "Your paid agents came to my office and seized my papers and private property without writ, warrant or justice. I challenge your right to use those documents; they are mine, not yours!"

"That, madam," replied the unruffled inquisitor, "is a matter we shall be happy to take up with you on some future occasion."

So it goes. When Congress, governors, legislatures and courts disregard the law they set the fashion, in a way. Of course, it may be all right for these gentlemen to flaunt the Constitution between their preachments in its behalf to the common herd. The common sin may be the King's proud pleasure. But at least the King should keep quiet about it—or as quiet as he is able—in his off hours.

It is all quite complicated and confusing. Very few persons seem to know just what can be done about it. Of course, something really ought to be done. But what? Ah! there's the rub! One is reminded of the old jingle:

Mother, mother, I am sick;
Send for the doctor, quick, quick, quick!
Doctor, doctor, will I die?
Yes, my dear; but please don't cry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Back in the Jungle ◀◀

By REBECCA WEST

•

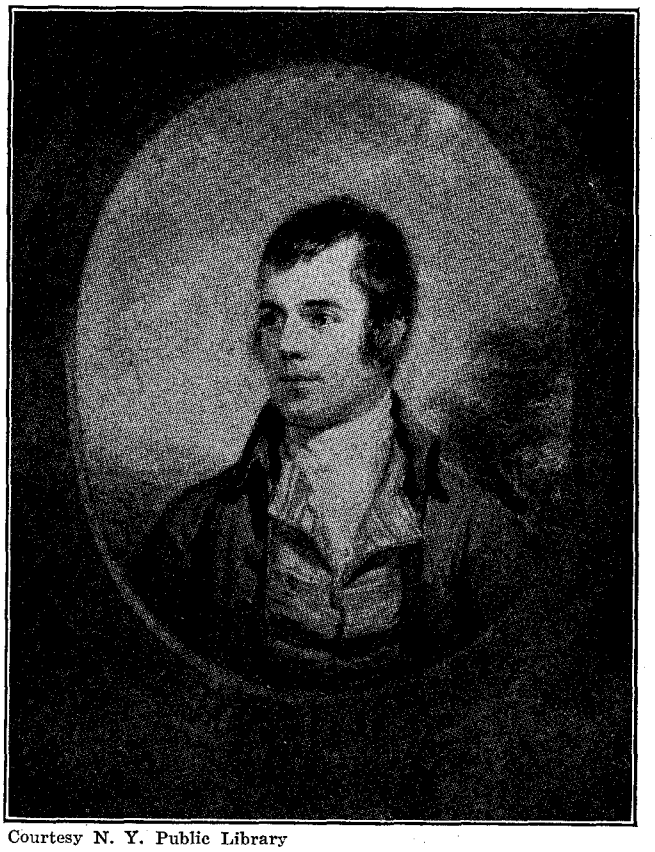
England has her serious troubles, plenty of them, but she makes no great outcry about them. Yet a woman writer found a well-known letter about one of the love affairs of Bobby Burns, and printed it in a biography—and there arose a tremendous uproar of which Miss West says: "Never has one had a more dramatic and pathetic confirmation of one's suspicion that what is the matter with humanity is simply its mind, which has hardly moved a hundred years from its old place in the jungle."

•

THERE is an interesting storm going on in England just now over a biography—interesting because it is real, as storms over biographies rarely are. Usually such storms are trivial conflicts between inaccuracy and family feeling. Lady Oxford writes yet one more autobiographical article describing how in 1892 at a luncheon-party at Chipping Sodbury Towers she met the poet Chaucer, who was so struck by her wit and charm that later (like nearly all of God's creation) he asked her to marry him. There then follow letters from Chaucer's living relatives pointing out that at that date he was no longer living, and that all knew he had never proposed to any one but Aunt Minnie (still living at The Limes, Wantage, and greatly grieved by the report) and the matter is ended. Such are storms in tea-cups. But this is a storm in the hearts of the people.

In London there functions a Scottish woman writer named Catherine Carswell: one of the sort that knows more than she says. Some years ago she wrote an excellent novel about Scottish life, but unfortunately followed it up by a second novel which fell flat with a plop that was due to the diversity of conditions in these British Isles which Americans falsely believe to be homogeneous. In England the dominant foreign influence is French; and not one in a hundred picks up a German book save in translation. Three hundred miles away over the Scottish border the boot is on the other leg. Most educated persons have a passion for German language and literature, and despise French as flimsy and effeminate.

Catherine Carswell, being thus Germanified, had been minded to attempt a severely simple and lyrical study of pure youthful passion, such as many of the greatest Teutonic poets and novelists have made into masterpieces: to touch the *Du bist wie eine Blume* vein, to paint the clear sky of morning, to repeat the note of the blackbird. She failed; and to her English critics, not acquainted with her model, she simply seemed to have fallen into a standing pool of insipidity. The comments were discouraging, and a silence fell on her. But every now and then there appeared a fragment which showed that here was a writer who was developing as much as if she were writing a lot; and about five or six years ago she found what was evidently her predestined field of victory in a biography of Robert Burns.



Courtesy N. Y. Public Library

ROBERT BURNS

It is the publication of this book which has aroused this storm in the hearts of the people; and this is a very singular fact. For to begin with, the book is in all respects an admirable work, such as should evoke respect rather than rage. Mrs. Carswell has toothcombed time and space for every authentic reference to her subject, she has a sound historical knowledge which enables her to relate that phenomenon to the rest of his universe. Her opening chapter on the state of Scotland at the end of the Eighteenth Century is a magnificent piece of hard, muscular writing; and the panorama of misery it spreads before the reader (all due to political causes) should be pointed out to a generation that thinks it *chic* to ignore politics. In her attitude to Burns herself she is the perfection of loyalty. This is not one of the biographies in which the author seems to regard biography as a kind of literary rat-catching.

Nothing in the book, therefore, to worry about; and if one wanted to worry, well, there are plenty of things to worry about in Great Britain just now. We are poor. I do not know that there are many more unemployed in England than there will be in the United States this winter; but yours is a recent ruin and ours is long-standing. Your world is still well-found, it has the recollection of full employment; whereas over here, where even coal and iron and steel have their haggard dominion, in nearly every home the last superfluity has been pawned, and there are countless young men who have grown up unemployed, who have never had the slightest chance to gratify any sort of adolescent will to power.

We are perturbed about politics. The Labor Party had the ill luck to be called to power at the exact moment when war-time conditions had taken from it its faith in its own creed, which it recognized as having been designed for pre-war conditions and full of counsels only ludicrous in these days. It knows quite well that there is no way of dealing with unemployment by the old way of stimulating industries till there are jobs for all: the plain fact of the matter is that

(Please Turn to Page 195)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mellon—Croesus and Corinthian

By LUCIUS BEEBE

IT IS in his cigars that one can find an accurate gauge and index of the character and inclinations of Secretary of the Treasury Andrew William Mellon, the shyest and most reticent of all high government officials, about whom there has, nevertheless, been more written than about any one in Washington except the President himself.

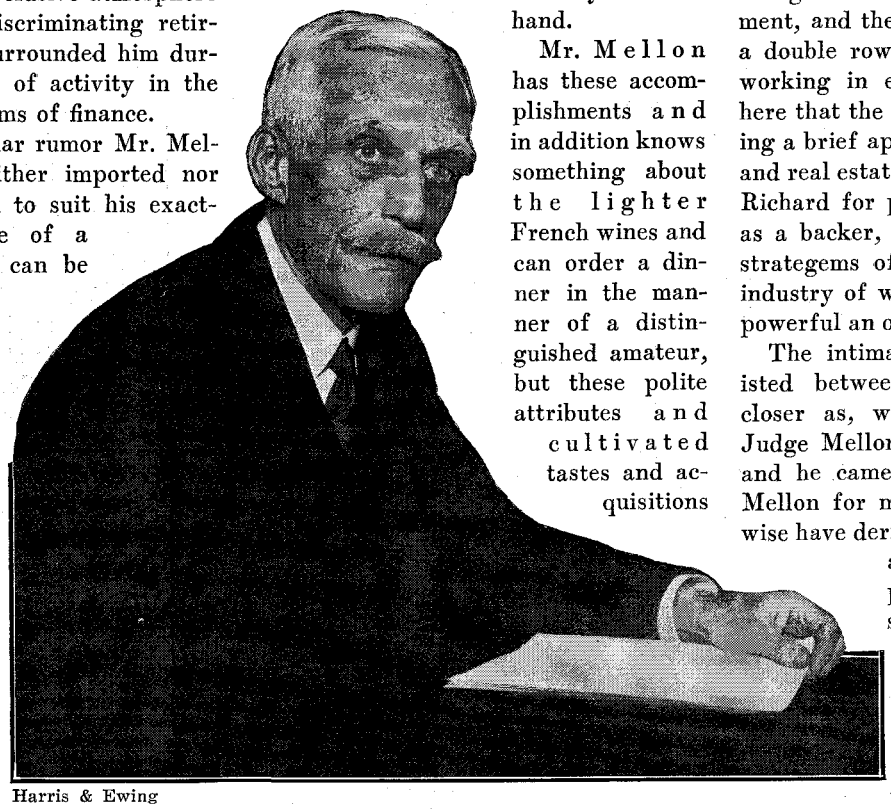
Secretary Mellon's cigars are small and of elegant proportions like those of a cigarette, and notably at variance with the misproportioned bundles of inflammable material which constitute the stogie, smoke or seegar chewed and affected by the run of politicians. The Secretary's taste in tobacco is symbolic of the sensitive refinement and good breeding which he brought with him to Washington when he was appointed to the treasury post by President Harding in 1921, and of that elusive atmosphere of cultivated and discriminating retiringness which has surrounded him during nearly a decade of activity in the highest possible realms of finance.

Contrary to popular rumor Mr. Mellon's cigars are neither imported nor especially fabricated to suit his exacting tastes, but are of a native brand which can be procured at any corner shop, and the man who controls the finances of a three-and-one-half-billion-dollar-a-year-business smokes them in chain from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night. There is not much tobacco in them, but the gesture of smoking quiets his nerves and he is lost unless he is holding one of these slim brown cartridges between his long, tapering fingers.

It is told that upon one occasion he offered one of his diminutive cigars to that not too elegant individual, the near-senator William S. Vare, who seized half a dozen of the proffered stogies, expectorated once or twice, and after fastening them into a bundle with an elastic band, thrust it into his mouth and lit it with the remark, "There's a smoke for you."

Mr. Mellon is fond of this anecdote.

The man who has served through three administrations in Washington, and the rumor of whose resignation has been denied as frequently as it has been circulated, is an unusual figure at the national capital, to put it mildly. Very few previous secretaries of the treasury have possessed collections of the works of early American portrait painters, Rembrandt Peale, Copley, and Gilbert Stuart, let alone known anything about them, and the cabinet ministers who could become adequately vocal on such subjects as Chinese ceramics, hawthorne ware, and the technic of Gainsborough could be numbered on the fingers of a badly maimed hand.



Harris & Ewing

ANDREW WILLIAM MELLON

"The shyest and most reticent of all high government officials"

Mr. Mellon has these accomplishments and in addition knows something about the lighter French wines and can order a dinner in the manner of a distinguished amateur, but these polite attributes and cultivated tastes and acquisitions are merely the outward manifestations with which a determined and forceful personality has surrounded itself, preoccupied for the most part with financial affairs on the greatest possible scale and transactions of such moment that the million is the merest minuscule fraction in the total of their implications.

A great deal that is predominant in the character of this man who can fairly be termed a latter-day Croesus, on the horizon of whose destiny no Cyrus has as yet appeared, derives from the early years of his apprenticeship under Judge Thomas Mellon in the waxing and turbulent Pittsburgh of the '70's and '80's.

The private banking firm of Thomas Mellon and Sons hung out its sign from an old-fashioned store building in Smithfield Street and in this location acquired the first of the Mellon holds on the coal, oil, and iron industries of western Pennsylvania. In these rough and tumble times when the smaller industrial firms sank or swam at the whim of the bankers who controlled their credit, the main counting room of the Mellon bank was heated in winter by a large iron stove strategically located in the geometric center of the establishment, and the accounts were cast up by a double row of clerks on high stools, working in enormous ledgers. It was here that the young financier after serving a brief apprenticeship in the lumber and real estate business, with his brother Richard for partner and Judge Mellon as a backer, first learned the uses and strategems of the world of money and industry of which he was later to be so powerful an overlord.

The intimacy which had always existed between father and son grew closer as, with the passing of time Judge Mellon's eyesight was weakened and he came to depend upon Andrew Mellon for much that he would otherwise have derived from the printed page and today Mr. Mellon imputes much of his financial sagacity, as well as his consciousness of the obligations which high finance imposes upon the banker, to these close contacts with the founder of his family's fortunes.

Another characteristic of Andrew Mellon which in itself would serve to single him out in the ranks of those captains of industry who managed in the high, wide, and fancy boom times in western Pennsylvania to accumulate vast fortunes, is that while a host of millionaires, Schwab, Carnegie and Henry Clay Frick among them, saw fit to abandon the smoky city and scene of their suc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cesses for baronial mansions in New York and Boston, Pittsburgh's greatest banker found Pittsburgh good enough for him. There he has remained to this day, dividing his time between his elaborate apartment in Massachusetts Avenue in Washington and the comfortable and by no means pretentious estate on Woodland Road in the coal and iron capital. He prefers, however, that the more notable of his art treasures should be kept at Washington beyond the reach and possible menace of the soot which impregnates the air of the smoky city.

When Andrew Mellon was appointed to the Treasury post in the Harding administration and, coincidentally, became a public character rather than a mere master of millions and an industrial magnate, he was as little known to newspaper readers and the general public as it is possible in this day and generation for a rich man to be. Today very little more is known of the private life and personality of the only occupant of his post to serve three successive Washington administrations. The reserve which, with his tenacity of purpose and essential personal masterfulness, is the most dominant of Mr. Mellon's characteristics, has succeeded in impressing itself not only upon his subordinates and associates but also upon the Washington correspondents and journalists with whom he is necessarily in daily contact to such an extent that a minimum of information about his unofficial existence has been recorded for public consumption.

Mr. Mellon is neither secretive nor, save in external mannerisms, shy; simply, like President Lowell of Harvard and a few other members of an older generation in public and semi-public life, he is not pleased to have his personality or his private life exploited. This integrity, by reason of its very rarity on the current political scene, has rendered him in a manner conspicuous.

With the Washington correspondents in particular the Secretary enjoys a popularity that transcends, in many cases, the respect which is accorded him as a competent government official. Willing at all times to talk "off the record" with news writers, upon a number of occasions he has been far franker in his remarks for publication than any other high Washington official. An instance of this quality is found in an episode which occurred during the Coolidge administration when, in an interview with a writer for *The Saturday Evening Post,* Mr. Mellon made some amazingly frank comments on the prohibition situation. Although it is well known that prohibition, as it exists, has never aroused any very great sympathy on his part, the interview in question contained statements which, if published, could not have failed to cause a considerable sensation and perhaps embarrassment to the administration. So frank were the remarks that, believing that perhaps the interviewer had added gratuitous emphasis to his copy, the editors of *The Post* forwarded the proofs of the story to the Secretary for verification. Mr. Mellon replied that, while on reconsideration his words as quoted might border on indiscretion, they were correctly reported and he would stand behind the interview. Although *The Post* never printed the story, it is such square shooting on the part of Mr. Mellon that has won the respect of the news writers who have had contact with him.

International

Honoring the first Secretary of the Treasury

Political correspondents still remember the dramatic qualities of the scene at the Kansas City convention in 1928 when the ultimate conference which assured the nomination of Mr. Hoover was held in Secretary Mellon's bedroom at the Muehlebach Hotel. Reed and Borah and other Republican powers, stewing in their shirt sleeves in the hot night of Kansas, surrounded the bed where Secretary Mellon, who had already retired, leaned easily against the pillows in white silk pajamas, endlessly smoking his diminutive cigars. From nine till three the conference lasted, and through the heat of the debate and of the night Mr. Mellon, although perhaps the most powerful and concerned of all those present, unhurried, sure, completely in command of the scene and of himself, dominated the gathering like some ancient patriarch and was easily the coolest man in the room. When at length the conference was over Herbert Hoover was as good as president of the United States and Mr. Mellon went placidly to sleep.

The correspondents remember too the time when it was reported with magnificent lack of authenticity in the Washington afternoon papers that S. Parker Gilbert, then one of the bright young men of the Treasury staff, had become engaged to Ailsa Mellon. In a frenzy of embarrassment Mr. Gilbert sought his chief.

"You mustn't think I ever said I was going to be your son-in-law," he explained between blushes.

"Well," the Secretary of the Treasury is supposed to have remarked, "I don't know but I'd just as soon have you for one."

On the streets of Washington Mr. Mellon is a familiar figure by reason of his preference for walking to the comforts of his automobiles, one of which is pointed out as the only nameless and makeless car in the world. It was especially assembled for Mr. Mellon on his own design and is of no particular

(Please Turn to Page 196)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Good-Bye to H. G. Wells! ◀◀

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THAT "exuberant, amiable Cockney Englishman," has never lacked detractors. From his earliest days the scared crows of criticism have cawed loudly at the successive pleas for change he has launched upon the world. No one of his novels has won unstinted praise, and it is only with the passing of the years that *Tono-Bungay* has become an undisputed masterpiece of twentieth century fiction. Even as I write that axiom I feel sure that a voice will be raised in contradiction before the ink is fairly dry upon it, and certainly no one will be found to say that Wells's non-fiction books have received anything approaching universal acceptance.

Yet in spite of this, Wells expressed a generation, one which is now getting on toward sixty and one whose views are regarded with immense suspicion today. It is the generation that sold the War to the men now approaching forty. Such of the latter as have recovered from war fever view Wells with suspicion—indeed, with overt hostility in many cases, but there is a generation younger still on whose ears Mr. Wells's words make no particular impression. To them he is simply a gabbling old dodo of sixty-four who occasionally gallops down from the heights with a new revelation of the future. So, I take it, the Wells public stratifies: passionate admirers among men slightly younger than himself, suspicious but attentive men of thirty-five to forty, and the indifferent young.

Like most of our leaders—for he is a leader—Wells is a careerist, a typical product of our fluid democratic time. Both of his grandfathers are shadowy figures, one an innkeeper, the other a gardener. (See *H. G. Wells,* by Geoffry West. W. W. Norton Co., Inc. This excellent book is at once the basis and the excuse for this article.) Wells's father kept a shop and played cricket professionally. His mother was a lady's maid before her marriage, and when the family fortunes failed she became a housekeeper. Wells's whole life until he made his own fame and position was "below stairs." It is significant that the class in which he has always placed his faith for the future is the middle class, the next above him, with a dash of regard for the aristocracy in his ideas about the directors of the society of the future. It is no wonder that Lenin remarked to Trotsky of Wells, "What a bourgeois he is! He is a philistine! Ah, what a philistine!" It is noticeable, too, that Wells is a complete Englishman in his reactions, in spite of his intellectual internationalism. It is his English-ness that prompted Anatole France to say: "Il est le plus intelligent des Anglais!" (Mr. Wells interprets this as a compliment. I am inclined to think it marvelous irony!)

Wells's education was desultory and fragmentary and alternated in its earlier phases with periods of apprenticeship to dry-goods dealers and druggists. It was out of the latter field that he escaped into science and pushed his way up through the South Kensington Normal School of Science—where he glimpsed, so to speak, Thomas Henry Huxley—to a position as teacher in secondary schools. In that guise he first appeared to such different men as Alfred Harmsworth and A. A. Milne. Equipped, at long last, with a B.S. degree and a taste for hard work, he drudged in a correspondence and tutorial school and turned out a text book in biology. His health, uneven all through life, but particularly in boyhood, gave way and he fell back upon the writing he had been indulging in for some years, as a means of livelihood. His early writing was in the field of education; it appeared in educational journals; and all his life, whether writing fiction or not, he has been an educator.

His first success as a writer for the general press had come in 1891 when Frank Harris (how often Frank Harris appears in the life histories of Wells's contemporaries) printed an essay in *The Fortnightly Review*. Seriously addressed to his life work Wells turned out, in his amazingly prolific way, light essays, reviews and scientific articles. Then he struck his first real vein of gold and produced his scientific romances, of which the most famous is *The Time Machine*. He ran through that phase quickly enough, dropped it when its financial possibilities were still tremendous, and turned to the novel, non-fictional social criticism and prophecy. But whatever he wrote he was primarily a journalist and an educator, an educating journalist, if that conjunction of terms is not hopelessly contradictory. Every one who has read the Wells-Henry James correspondence, precipitated by Wells's burlesque of James's manner in *Boon*, knows that in Wells's eyes the term "journalist" is the highest of complimentary terms. When he substituted it for novelist he was in revolt against James's æsthetic trends. He really held the novelist's art in the highest regard, and it was not until 1914 that he debased the novel by crossing it with newspaper articles on current events.

IN the period of his greatest work in the novel his intimate friends were Arnold Bennett, George Gissing ("His work is more to him than a means of earning money; he talks about a book he has in hand almost as freshly and keenly as in the old days when his annual income was barely a couple of hundred," wrote Gissing of him in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*), Joseph Conrad, Henry James (who admired Wells's fecundity and "cheek," a word admirably describing Wells's attitude toward the social system James held in reverence), Stephen Crane. . . . He was at the top of his bent and produced his masterpiece, *Tono-Bungay,* in 1909. Restless as ever, he turned to the Fabian Society and politics when he showed no signs of running out of material and was quickly disillusioned. He put his irritation into disconcerting books, brought down an avalanche of disapproval, and was just steadying for a new phase when the War came.

The first gun crumpled Wells's objectivity and he became the chief architect of the liberal interpretation of the War (preserved for the amusement of future generations in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*), pro-Ally, anti-German, war for a better world, prelude to utopia, Armageddon, etc., etc. The War ended and Allied "ideals" were on the junk heap in short order. Wells was deflated—but not for long! He was shortly out once more for the world state—not the League of Nations, with which he toyed, to be sure—but the world state. The great weapon for creating opinion in favor of this ideal was education, ergo *The Outline of History,* to rewrite all history as propaganda for this beloved world state. Exciting—what? Next, the Open Conspiracy—great capitalists gone idealist and acting, with H. G. Wells as master behind the scenes, as obstetricians of the world state. Hurrah! All aboard for H. G. Wells's heaven! So he shouts at 64, but who listens?

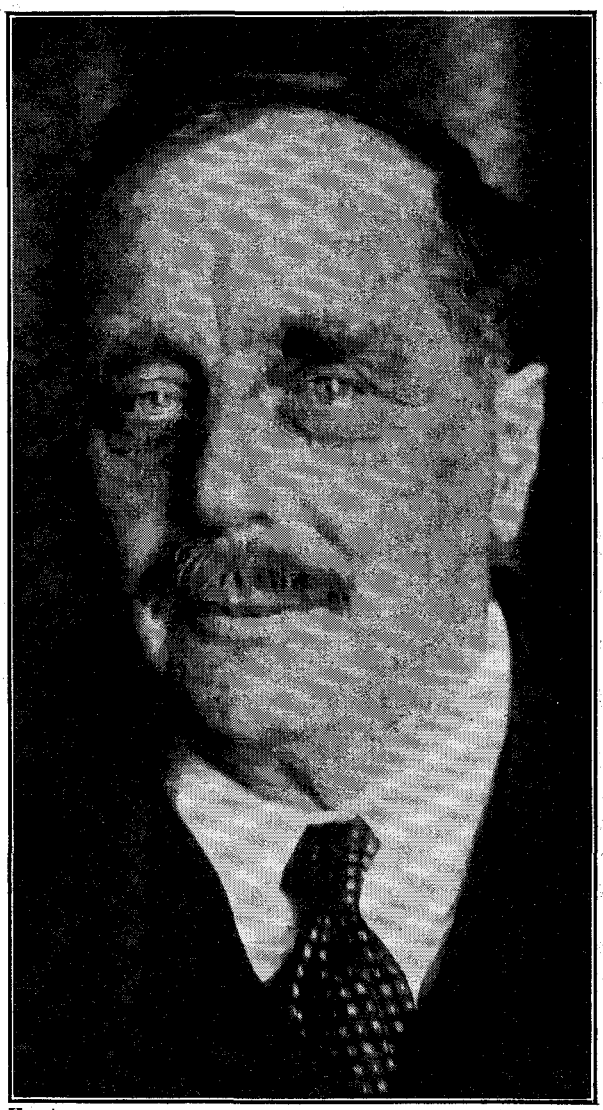
It is easy enough to see what H. G.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wells believes. Let's tabulate his underlying notions. He believes in progress, science, education and the inherent goodness of man. These four ideas are fundamental. From them everything else he has professed to believe foliates. They go together somewhat after this fashion: all history demonstrates that mankind is to achieve its destiny by changes in the environment known as progress. (Mankind as a biological fact has changed little for thousands of years and has shown itself infinitely adaptable to environmental changes.) In the past change has been haphazard, as productive of muddle and suffering as of order and happiness. Within the last few centuries mankind has discovered an instrument, science, which makes it possible to control and direct change—to turn it into a movement toward Utopia. This is not generally understood. The old notions about the value of the past persist, muddle is preferred to order, so through education we must indoctrinate the young, and change as many of the old as have not petrified mentally, with the idea that science is the only trustworthy guide to salvation. With a generation of leaders laboring under that conviction Utopia will come in a jiffy.

What is Utopia? Why, the world state, governed by an intellectual aristocracy for the benefit of the many, a scheme combining the advantages of internationalism and nationalism, communism and capitalism, good and bad, black and white—in a few words, a state realizing the noble pipe-dreams of H. G. Wells. All outline-of-history history points in that direction. It's a sure bet—unless in a year or two H. G. Wells changes his mind, and then the gamblers on it will find themselves holding the bag and Wells off shouting for some new arrangement of the future. Every time Wells has had a peeve he has made a novel of it. Every time reality has contradicted his prophecy he has pointed out what duffers we all have been not to see that reality was what it was and vaunted his superior wisdom by producing a new scheme to exorcise reality, for Mr. Wells is as much a "superior purzon" as ever George Nathaniel Curzon was. But whatever the new pot at the foot of the rainbow may hold, the pot will be made of progress, science, education and the inherent goodness of man. Wells may change his mind about marriage, divorce, birth control, God visible or invisible, king or commoner, but he hangs resolutely to his fundamentals.

He has always dealt in futures. Even his most laborious study of the past was undertaken with an eye on tomorrow. A confirmed teleologist, he has never for one moment doubted that the world has a purpose. It is impossible to imagine any one who is less of a futilitarian. Yesterday is so long ago, today so idiotic, tomorrow so wonderful! A fluid world! All is change! Does not *Tono-Bungay* derive its fascination from the fact that the Ponderevo's went up and came down so rapidly? Society in England since 1688 has become progressively more unstable, hence more easily moulded. In the Wellsian argument this undoubted fluidity is a major point in favor of Utopia. What is so loosely constructed can easily be made over. But in studying the future Wells has emphasized the fluidity of the present and missed its conservative complexities—in being dazzled by the logical possibilities of intelligently utilizing the fluidity in the interest of a better world, he has underestimated the force of tradition and human inertia. The ridicule which he has heaped upon the conservative forces in society is excellent in so far as it dissolves the "sacredness" they possess for the timid, but it is no sort of way to meet the strongest obstacle to a better world. H. G. Wells has apprehended intellectually the conservative forces, but he has no *emotional* realization of their significance to a large and powerful portion of mankind.



Keystone

That "exuberant, amiable Cockney Englishman"

It is no trick at all for him, either, to caricature the aimless imbecility which characterizes so much of the activity in the modern world. To cite *Tono-Bungay* again, where better is the promoter limned? Edward Ponderevo is simply Mark Twain's Colonel Sellers realizing his dreams—he got the millions that were in "it." But even though the conditions which allowed the Ponderevo's to blow up such a balloon of wealth are imbecilic and the product of forces released in society but recently, Wells fails sufficiently to indicate the powerful vested interest a large class has in the continuation of the system.

Somewhere in Wells's mind is the idea that suddenly through an act of free will (he believes firmly in free will, a necessary basis for all Utopianism) or slowly through education, men will be diverted from their present evil ways and run smiling into a bright Utopia. One can only grin! It is his blindness to obstacles, his dazzlement with the future, which leads to Wells's fitful allegiance to "causes"—ranging from Fabianism to the Allied program in the War. When they don't achieve results, they are dropped and a nasty reference is made to them in a novel. For it is an ironic fact that with all his talk about cosmic perspectives and with all his ability to imagine cosmic tragedies—as in his short story *The Star*—his mind has remained glued to the *immediate* present. His Utopias are, as I remarked, tomorrow; his past, yesterday; his dis-

(Please Turn to Page 198)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ From Naples to Algiers by Car ◀◀

By LEE WILSON DODD

WELL, not exactly perhaps, since there are no bridges across the Mediterranean; but as there were two clear months before us, and as we didn't care to retrace our wheel tracks up through the white dust of Italy, we decided to reach Cherbourg by way of Sicily, Tunisia, and Algiers. Algiers being a French colony, and also (as I then supposed) Tunisia, I believed my papers to be quite in order for such a tour. Unhappily for this fond belief, Tunisia is not a French colony, it is a Protectorate—quite a different arrangement, as we were later to learn. But our immediate goal was Sicily; so, after a cold, windy Easter in Mussolini's incredibly transformed and scrubbed and beggarless Naples, I set about booking passage for the car and family to Palermo. It was no easy matter. The two boats leaving that week for Palermo were small ones, and it was a grave question whether there would be room on either of them for our long American car. However, after minute measurements had been made (by means, chiefly, of red tape) the *Città di Catania* rather doubtfully consented to have a try at us, and we rather doubtfully consented to take a chance. We were to sail one evening; and that afternoon, under orders, accompanied by a solemn young Fascist from the American Express Company, I found myself confronting a regrettable situation.

Frankly, I was at that time very proud of myself as a driver. Ever since driving through Paris for two months in every possible direction without receiving a single dent in the mud-guards, ever since crossing France, Switzerland, and the length of Italy without killing a single donkey, I had come to regard myself, with a good deal of complacency, as a demon chauffeur. Yet for the feat now expected of me I had little enthusiasm. I had got myself down safely along the dock, and there lay a small, forbidding steamer. A gang-plank, without side rails, and so far as I could judge of the precise width of my car's wheelbase, rose steeply before me to the top deck, where it broke sharply over the side at an acute angle. Up this plank I was courteously invited by an under-officer to proceed with discretion. Some twenty or thirty affable roustabouts, their white teeth gleaming with expectancy, stood by to await my downfall. The solemn young Fascist from the American Express Company suddenly excused himself, in perfect English, and descended from the car. I desired to follow, but pride—however false—is a strong deterrent. I went cautiously into low . . . . and now if it ever becomes necessary for me to cross some bottomless gulf on a tight-rope, I shall not even hesitate. I have learned, you see, that nothing is impossible. In short, I arrived—to the astonishment of the roustabouts, but more to my own—at the top of that limber plank, and firmly anchored myself there with the emergency brake; for there was no proceeding further, up and over that acute angle, unless I wished to break the car in two. And I then leaned from the car and yelled for assistance!

"Pazienza," called the under-officer, waving his hand to me, "Pazienza, signore. . . ."

So, making a superb gesture, I slumped back into the driver's seat and lighted a cigarette. It is one of the trifling incidents of my life which I like most to remember—and I felt as if the eyes of all Hollywood were fastened upon me.

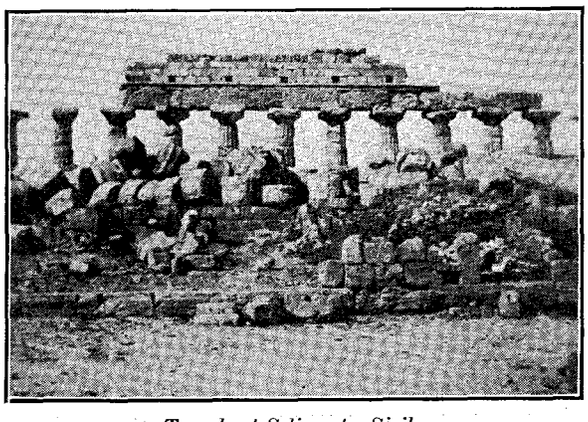
Then, after a prolonged conference, the under-officer and several roustabouts climbed somehow up to the deck and began unlimbering a small crane with a block and tackle dangling from it. They were in no hurry, no hurry at all, but they made reassuring gestures to me from time to time. I lighted a second, a third, a fourth cigarette. . . . At last, however, the supreme moment arrived. A rope was hooked onto my front axle, a donkey engine began to snort, and the front wheels of the car were lifted two feet clear of the plank, whereupon the hood of the car began to swing like a pendulum before me, and all the roustabouts, alow and aloft, shouted for joy. But my duty was clear. I slipped again into low, I eased off—oh, so diffidently!—the emergency brake, and I bumped down over the side to the deck on two indignant back wheels! But for me, for the under-officer, for the roustabouts, it was an ecstatic triumph. I was almost dragged from my seat by the excited populace. Indeed, I know now precisely how Lindbergh felt when he descended at Le Bourget.

Nor was the landing at Palermo, I assure you, without its minor—though anti-climactic—thrills. . . . But enough, save for a word of advice. If you are taking a car from Naples to Palermo, may I suggest that you wait for the largest boat.

The roads of Sicily, though all carefully coated three or four inches deep with a fine white talcum powder, are now for the most part excellent. At the end of each day's run you will look like old-fashioned circus clowns, but you will not care. After all, there are good (but expensive) hotels in Sicily, with bath-tubs and plenty of hot and cold running water—and travelers must be content. . . . Of the breath-taking beauty of springtime Sicily—when the young grass and the wild-flowers storm the slopes of its fantastic ochre and purple mountains—it is not my purpose to speak. Of its superb lonely temples it would be a profanation to speak. . . . We gave three weeks and a few days over to Sicily, and it was only the knowledge that a certain boat must not sail without us from Cherbourg that could break the spell and persuade us to tear ourselves unhappily away.

Yet Africa was calling. . . . moreover, it was almost the first of May; the tourist season in North Africa was already at an end. So much the better. There had been far too many tourists in Sicily. Tourists—*other* tourists—are always a curse. In a really well-regulated world few people, save one's self, would ever care to travel about at all.

Tunis awaited us, and was holding in reserve, though we knew it not, a disconcerting surprise. For our papers were *not* in order. Tunis, may I again remind you, is



Temple at Selimente, Sicily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

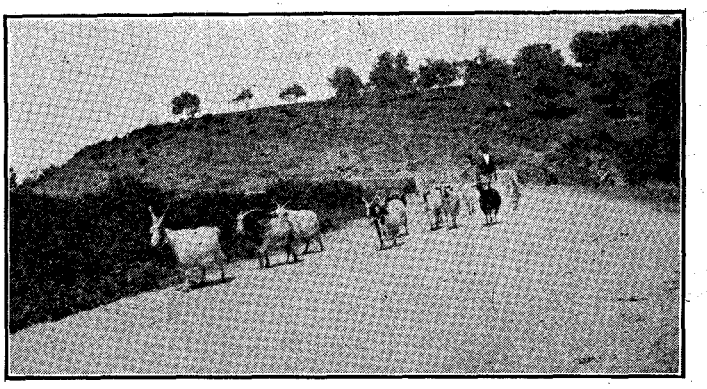
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

a Protectorate; it is not, officially, French territory. Special formalities are required.

One arrives at Tunis from Palermo in the early morning. The outer harbor is magnificent. Only small steamers can proceed to the inner harbor through a long canal carried straight across a shallow bayou toward the gleaming town—a fantastic town, evidently built of loaf-sugar by some Afrit—*"Tunise la Blanche!"* The debarkment at its landing-dock is conducted, however, entirely by one-eyed pirates, dressed in dirty flour-sacks, with round, flat caps, called *chechias,* jammed rakishly on the backs of their lean, eagle-like, malevolent heads. This, at least, is one's immediate, tumultuous impression. No sooner is the first gang-plank lowered than the ship is taken by storm and gutted of its contents. One's bags, coats, umbrellas, etc., are seized, fought over, and torn piecemeal from one. They vanish. Incredible that they should ever be seen again! Well, let them go! At least, we have momentarily escaped with our lives. . . .

Yet, as it proves, these pirates, too, are an illusion. Tunis is not really built of loaf-sugar, nor are its dock-porters really the cut-throats they seem. You will find your baggage in the *Douane,* all together, not an item missing; and if you have to fee ten porters for carrying five or six articles, the total fee need not be large. A very little money goes a long way in Tunis, as I was most fortunately to discover later on.

I sent my family and the recovered baggage on to a hotel, in the hotel bus, and remained myself to attend to any little formalities in connection with disembarking the car. I remained, in brief, beneath a blazing sun, for the better part of six exasperating hours. For my papers were no sooner exhibited than rejected. The car must remain on board, and we must all return with it to Sicily. Happily, I can understand the French language no matter how rapidly ejected, and can even, under stress, respond to it in something that passes at least for French. (And let me add that I do not recommend an unconducted tour of North Africa in your own self-driven car if the pleasant sounds made by a French speaking population are so much gibberish to you. The strain, and the possibilities for disastrous errors, would be too great.)



Dangers in motor touring in Sicily

Now, I had not the slightest intention of returning with the car to Sicily; the law is the law, doubtless, but men also are men, and I was certain that something could be arranged. I was right. It was a little complicated, and it called for patience—and the services of a young Spanish Jew, vaguely connected with the legal profession. In my darkest moment he appeared mysteriously before me and suggested, with a subtle and charming smile, that he was the very person I was looking for. "Monsieur," he explained, "it is entirely possible for you to disembark the car and remain with it in Tunisia for two weeks. Not longer, not a day longer. All that you require is a bondsman, who will agree to pay the full duty on the car if, at the end of two weeks, you have not removed the said car from Tunisia. I myself am quite willing to undertake this slight service for a moderate fee."

It would be tedious to follow through the course of the subsequent negotiations. If we interviewed one petty government official, in the extensive offices of the *Douane,* which were strung out in sheds all along the broiling waterfront, we interviewed a dozen—and into every grubby palm my courteous young rescuer slipped from ten to thirty *francs,* as we bowed profoundly, gathered up our freshly stamped papers, and carried them with us to the next *guichet.* One presumes, of course, that all these little payments were legitimate fees and passed at once into the Tunisian Treasury. . . . At any rate, toward three o'clock of a blazing afternoon, having eaten but the sketchiest of breakfasts since rising at six, I found myself with all my papers in order, and we proceeded to the boat to disembark the car. But, alas, the boat was deserted; the officers and the crew had vanished. There, on the top deck, aft, rested my baking car, beside a motionless donkey-engine, and there it seemed likely to remain. I stood on the dock staring forlornly up at it, and it was then that Selim ("Me good boy—me 'Gyptian boy!") plucked me by the sleeve. Selim, tall, lean, soft-eyed, caressing, who wore only one pale-blue garment much like an old-fashioned nightshirt, spoke what he was pleased to think English, and he had the greatest, though most mild-eyed, contempt for the entire Arab, French, Italian, and Maltese population of Tunisia. "Me fix—me fix," he assured me—"Me good boy—me 'Gyptian boy!"

The Sahara near Biskra

And it was even so. He did fix. But first he disappeared, and for half an hour I hung about with my young Spanish friend in a vain patch of shade, exchanging banal but always complimentary remarks. Then Selim returned with a third under-assistant donkey-engine driver, or some such functionary, and three ancient one-eyed pirates in *chechias* and potato-sacks. Negotiations were opened, and again ten-franc notes began passing freely from hand to hand. Indeed, for Tunisia, it was quite an expeditious performance, for within another half-hour my car was standing safely on the dock, surrounded now by the entire one-eyed pirate band of the dockyard. "Eh bien, entrez donc," said I to the young Spaniard, as I climbed in beneath the wheel, "Allons, n'est-ce pas!" But no. I had forgotten the dock-master.

The dock-master was an old Arab, a very small, bent, and ancient Arab, and he was unmistakably tipsy. It is understood, of course, that followers of the Prophet do not drink wine; possibly it is the heady sunshine that occasionally inebriates them—I do not know. But I

(Please Turn to Page 198)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our "Orgy of Saving"

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IT USED to be taken for granted that the road to prosperity, both individual and national, was bordered on one side by hard work and on the other by thrift. Only the racketeers have as yet moulded their conduct on the new maxim that "only saps work," but some highly respectable folk have become convinced that thrift in these days is a delusion and a snare. Both here and overseas people are being urged to spend money freely and bring back good times. To judge from this advice, Poor Richard was merely a common piker and his once-famous maxims are the quintessence of economic heresy.

Under the influence of this new idea we find one Western editor remarking that " a spree of unparalleled extravagance by the multimillionaires of the country would be a blessing," while an Eastern college professor calls on our capitalists to quit building mills and factories and shops and to build instead artificial lakes and mountains and hire servants and retainers by the thousands. The peculiar thing about it is that these commentators are not indulging in satire as they utter these sage observations.

The current business depression and unemployment, in the opinion even of a few eminent economists, is due to an "orgy of saving." If that be true, say their critics, the depletion of savings during the height of the stock-market boom in 1929 ought to have prevented the depression which came in 1930. And if people are saving more now than they did two years ago, their saving may be a result of depression rather than a cause of it.

Meantime, from overseas comes the plea of the chairman of the great Midland Bank of London for more spending of money for the good of trade and industry. But his theory is tame and conservative compared with some which have been advanced in this country. He cites the well-known fact that in a period of slackened business activity much of the money lying in the banks is idle, and he argues that if some of this were judiciously spent the results would be generally beneficial.

It is a far cry from this to the orgiastic extravagance which is sometimes urged upon the wealthy classes of this country as a great civic duty. No prolonged examination is needed to show that much of this anti-thrift propaganda is the result of hasty thinking. Some of the propagandists confuse thrift with miserliness. They assume that when money goes into a savings account it ceases to circulate, and that so long as it does not circulate it is useless. Neither of these views is tenable.

Everyone knows that most of the money placed in a bank not only continues to circulate but that it is likely to circulate more usefully when invested by a bank in some productive enterprise than when spent by a depositor on unproductive luxuries. But, as we have already seen, there are times when more money is put into the banks than they can use to advantage. Ought not the surplus to have been spent instead of saved? If the spending would have meant a depletion of the depositor's reserves against a rainy day or in any other way have impaired his efficiency, the answer is obvious.

Furthermore, it is wrong to assume that when funds begin to accumulate in the banks they are doing nobody any good. Experience shows that this piling up of plethoric cash in the vaults of the banks in a period of subnormal business activity has a very important effect in stimulating a trade revival. As funds accumulate interest rates begin to decline, and as money becomes cheaper the inducements to embark on new enterprises and to expand present operations steadily increase.

ONE indication that some of the anti-thrift propagandists have not thought their problem through may be seen in the attitude of many of them toward government expenditures. While deploring the saving habits of the people, they demand at the same time the strictest economy on the part of the government, probably on the assumption that the less it spends the more the people will spend. In practice it does not work out that way. The collection of taxes is one sure way of putting money into circulation. And the opponents of our saving habits may rest assured that Congress and the legislatures will see to it that when taxes are collected the money will not be hoarded. A dollar spent by the government can create just as much demand for goods and labor as a dollar spent by a private citizen. The call for more spending, therefore, is hardly consistent with the plea for lower taxes.

Further evidence of confusion of thought on this subject appears in the criticism by some of the apostles of spending of the government's retiring last year some $750,000,000 of the national debt. If the treasury had reduced this amount the money, they say, would have remained in the pockets of the taxpayers and would have enabled them to increase their consumption. But the treasury did not hoard this sum; it put it into circulation. The bondholders who had invested in government obligations —sometimes called an unproductive debt—received cash. They either spent this or reinvested it. If they bought other outstanding bonds, then some other bondholder got the cash to spend or reinvest as he saw fit, and if they invested in new offerings some corporation got the money to spend for new developments.

The fundamental defect in this campaign for forced spending is the same that is found in all artificial attempts at business stimulation or stabilization. Unless they happen to conform with actual economic conditions, these movements invariably do more harm than good by accentuating the troubles they were designed to relieve. If, for example, business stagnation were due to retail prices being out of line with consumer purchasing power, a spending campaign would tend to retard the price recession needed to bring business back to normal.

An increase of $300,000,000 in bank deposits may indicate that the American people could have spent more in recent months if they had so desired. But if they had spent every cent of this they would have increased the year's retail trade by less than 1 per cent. The loss of the sense of security which comes from having a snug balance in a bank is a big price to pay for any such trivial increase in the volume of trade.

If we are to have liberal spending, the one essential requirement is the feeling on the part of the spenders that their incomes are secure. The destruction of this feeling through the menace of part-time or unemployment is a sufficient explanation of the "orgy of saving," if such a thing really exists. When security of income is re-established the problem of encouraging buying will take care of itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stream of Business

Merger Rumblings Continue

OUR business seismograph records further disturbances in the vicinity of Youngstown, Ohio, and New York City. Out Mahoning way the directors of Youngstown Sheet and Tube have voted to appeal the decision against the merger with Bethlehem Steel, and three appeal bonds of $10,000 each have been filed with Clerk of Courts. In New York, a new Pathe Exchange stockholders' suit to prevent the transfer of the Pathe properties to Radio Keith Orpheum has been filed in the Supreme Court.

The Youngstown case, which has already cost three millions, will go to the District Court of Appeals, which may proceed in either of two ways,—review the case on the evidence submitted in the Common Pleas court, or rehear the evidence. Just how this particular court can handle the case with justice to both sides is something of a mystery, as two of the three judges of the court are Youngstown stockholders. Apparently the Jenkins decision, instead of ending the series of sensational developments, merely prepared the way for more.

The new champion of Pathe in its fight to resist absorption by R-K-O is Fred Rosenthal, who attacks the proposed transaction on the ground that it is virtually a dissolution and liquidation of Pathe, although the latter is a solvent corporation. Justice Lydon has granted an order directing the two corporations and Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Pathe board, to show cause why the proposed transfer of assets should not be restrained. At the moment, ladies and gentlemen, Captain Rosenthal's team has possession of the ball on the R-K-O fifteen-yard line.

A Houston for Georgia

By FRANK A. FALL

A MOVEMENT which promises to mean much to business in the southeastern states is the development of the Savannah River channel from Augusta to the sea. The ultimate objective is a nine-foot channel, to cost twenty millions, but Congress has made an initial appropriation of $1,305,000 to build the first lock and dam, and has provided $75,000 annually for three years for maintenance.

Augusta is 200 miles from the sea. Its charter permits the city to own and operate boats, and navigation on the Savannah River has been continuous since the founding of the city by General Oglethorpe. Augusta thus has a decided advantage over other cities whose claims for waterway improvement are based on potential rather than actual river traffic.

As an inland port and a distributing center, Augusta should ultimately achieve the strategic position in the southeastern states that Houston has won in the Gulf group. It will take time, but it can be done and a good start has already been made.

INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) January 22—77.6. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) January 22—67.8.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended January 10—714,251 cars (increase of 98,869 over preceding week; reduction of 148,210 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended January 17—44.5% of capacity (increase of 4.5% over preceding week; reduction of 24.5% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended January 17—daily average gross 2,094,000 barrels (increase of 9,300 over preceding week; reduction of 567,650 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended January 17—381,000 bushels (increase of 143,000 over preceding week; reduction of 1,305,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended January 22—$7,966,423 (reduction of 4.6% under preceding week and of 19.8% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended January 22—712 (reduction of 84 under preceding week; increase of 68 over same week of 1930).

Vagaries—Series 14

OUR fear that business might turn stodgy with the new year, and thus check the flow of news oddities, appears to have been unwarranted. The chronicle continues with:

1. The discovery made by army officers at Aberdeen Proving Grounds that the firing capacity of machine guns can be doubled by the use of a radiator non-freeze fluid.

2. That invention of a chemist in Vienna,—the "everlasting match." It can be used to light 600 cigarettes, will go out if dropped on the floor and can be stepped on or struck without lighting.

3. That robot hen, introduced by the Department of Agriculture at the American Poultry Show at Madison Square Garden. It could talk and lay eggs, but was appraised as being of doubtful value under pie-crust.

4. The progress of the anti-noise campaign, as evidenced by noiseless automobiles exhibited in Detroit and a silent airplane being developed by the aeronautical research committee of the British Air Ministry.

5. That vacation strike at Denver, in which eleven weary wives packed bags and notified their husbands that they were "going to the country for a week's rest." Clubs and day nurseries helped the deserted husbands to carry on.

6. That sign posted in a Philadelphia restaurant: "Waitresses will please refrain from speaking to male customers on the streets, particularly when they are accompanied by ladies. Any infraction of this rule will be dealt with by instant dismissal."

An English View

THE chief objectives of *Investment* (Macmillan $8) by L. L. B. Angas, are indicated in the sub-title: "Forecasting Movements in Security Prices—Technique of Trading in Shares for Profit."

Investors, says Mr. Angas, are of three types: the "safety first type," who should stick to bonds; the long-run speculative type, who wants capital appreciation rather than income but does not wish to be bothered with short-run in-and-out operations; and the short-run type, who aims to make quick profits.

All of these types, Mr. Angas asserts, should rigidly follow certain rules of buying and selling. In buying, avoid new ventures; insist on high earnings on market price; be sure of free markets; prefer large companies; insist on a good directorate; avoid low grade and low denomination shares; prefer shares with large equities; *possibly* prefer companies which are high-cost producers; insist on reasonably strong finances; and carefully examine the technical market position.

In selling, watch for signs of internal deterioration and sell immediately on the appearance of such indications; sell "prospect" shares when general business sentiment declines and money becomes tight; conserve two-thirds of all paper profits, but if these continue to grow, slide your stop-loss order up.

This thoroughly English book is full of engaging English qualities,—straightforwardness, dependability and picturesque turns of expression. We have read it for pleasure as well as for review.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Blue Lines ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

ICE HOCKEY, once the simplest of games for the casual onlooker to comprehend, has acquired something of the intricacy of Einstein's theory since those who make the rules began to amuse themselves by painting blue lines across the rink.

Before the blue band mania revolutionized tactics, all you needed to play hockey was an unencumbered sheet of ice with a cage-like goal set at either end and a space left behind the target so that players could skate around it.

The onside rule, a cardinal principle in all games of English origin, was formerly enforced as rigidly in ice hockey as it still is in Rugby and soccer. If you watched hockey matches during the Hobey Baker era at the grimy but cosy St. Nicholas Rink you remember that forward passes were taboo. The attackers swept down the ice in echelon, the man with the puck shuttling the rubber disk to a colleague who was slightly behind him and to one side.

The referee's whistle shrilled at the slightest suggestion of forward drift to an oblique pass. Naturally, that functionary spent a lot of time tootling his horn, for it was terribly difficult to preserve the letter of the onside rule. These frequent interruptions broke the continuity of attack, slowed up the tempo of the game and irritated action-craving spectators.

Tampering with the rules of any game is a favorite American pastime. We revised Rugby to suit our own tastes, introducing among other changes the ultra-radical pass forward, borrowed from basketball—a game indigenous to America. This innovation appealed so strongly to us that we injected the forward pass into polo, thereby quickening the pace of that game and forcing staid old Hurlingham to scrap its "polo bible" and learn the game all over again.

The command being "forward," it was only natural that hockey should be the next target of the American reformers. Pressure from this side of the border influenced the impressionable Canadians to modify the hard and fast onside rule. The element engaged in promoting professional hockey was eager to cater to the American public, anxious to stimulate box office receipts by dramatizing the game. Hence we find hockey undergoing progressive revision.

A modern hockey rink is divided into three equal segments by two transverse blue lines. No forward pass is legal in which the puck travels from one zone to another, crossing a blue stripe in transit. This instruction is universal.

There are three playing codes viz.: the Canadian Collegiate; the American Collegiate; and the International Professional. The first named is the most rigid; the latter is the most liberal.

UNDER Canadian college rules, forward passing is restricted to the offensive team's zone of defense, a concession grudgingly made by the ultra-conservative old guard. Toronto and McGill Universities insist upon playing Canadian college rules even when facing American sixes. The Maple Leafs refuse to compromise—will not agree to play half the game under American rules.

The American collegiate code, as amended this fall, permits forward passing in both the zone of defense and the center area. A pass forward cannot legally be made in the attacking sector —that is to say, in an opponent's end zone. The attacking team must stay onside after it has penetrated the enemy's blue line.

This restriction doesn't apply in professional hockey which gives the offense free scope. The pro's can forward pass in any one of the three zones, though not from one sector to another. They may pass forward even inside a rival's end zone.

"More scoring" is the slogan of professional hockey promoters whose ears are attuned to popular demand, but their plan to stimulate goal getting by legalizing unrestricted forward passing has been nullified by another rule change which eliminates free skating in the attacking area. Last winter, attackers were allowed to skate ahead of the puck into the rival's end zone. This season the offensive side must stay behind the disk until it crosses the enemy blue stripe. Thus one new rule offsets another, as the professional powers-that-be rob Peter to pay Paul. The result is that low score games are still the order of the day.

It is easier to understand what all the shooting or rather whistle blowing is for in amateur and college hockey if you realize that three drastic changes have been made in the 1930-31 code. The first permits forward passing in the center zone; the second forbids more than three players on the defending side from occupying their own end zone until the puck enters that area. As the goal tender is included in this trio, the forwards, checking back, must not cross their own blue line ahead of the attackers.

Here is a quibbling, ultra-technical rule which will breed penalties faster than prohibition. Both are experiments noble in motive but almost impossible to enforce. When the blue line has been partially obliterated from the icy froth churned up by pivoting skates, it will take some shrewd guessing to ascertain your position in relation to that invisible stripe and escape a penalty.

HERE is how this pesky penalty of one minute in "the coop" may originate. A defense man breaks up a foray, snares the puck, and starts up the ice. Straightway, one of his own forwards drops back to cover him temporarily. Meanwhile our ambitious defense man is poke-checked out of the puck. He promptly wheels and races back to his end zone. If he crosses his own blue line before his relieving forward quits that area there will be four men in the defense zone simultaneously and a one-minute penalty must be imposed. This is cutting it pretty fine, and if a referee chooses to be strict the penalty coop is going to resemble a sardine tin.

The third rule change, also intended to hobble the defense, prohibits the goal keeper from lying, sitting, or kneeling on the ice. If he violates this rule he must suffer the ordeal of a face-off ten feet in front of his cage.

For the goalie who deliberately invites this predicament in order to save his net, a heavier penalty is reserved. Repeated infractions call for a sentence to the brig. You can picture the desperate circumstances of a hockey five bereft of its goal tender.

Coach Holcomb York of Yale believes that the new hockey code will stress personal initiative and individual brilliancy while hampering team work. Teams which rely on close checking meanwhile waiting for the breaks won't be so apt to beat combinations comprising superior skaters and stick handlers. York doubts that the revised rules will increase scoring. Defensive ingenuity keeps abreast of attack and hockey remains essentially a low scoring game. It's the nature of the beast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

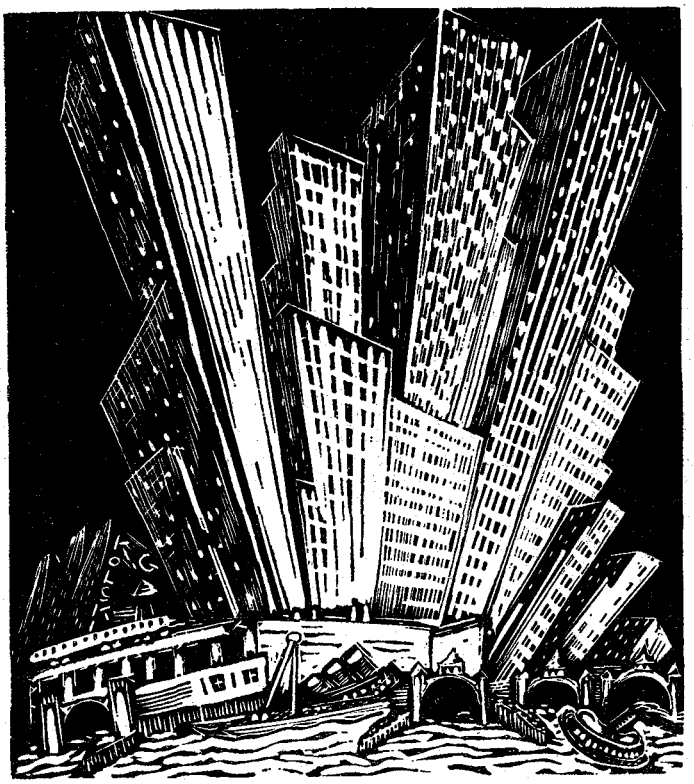
Seeing Life Whole

DURING the Christmas recess just past, the Historians convened for the reading of research papers at Boston, the Philosophers at Charlottesville and the Modern Language Association, with the related bodies, at Washington. If the members of these societies are not the cultural leaders of the country, then to whom could we ascribe this important duty? The Clergy? The Editors? So far as I was personally able to observe, these various meetings received not one word of mention in the metropolitan press.

The Scientists on the other hand assembled at Cleveland. Days before they began to determine whether the Earth is a lovely thing destined to go on forever, or a hard lump about to crumble (concerning which the President of the Scientists superfluously declared that he knew nothing) the city dailies carried feature articles on what the Scientists were going to do, reported their doings at great length while they were in session, going so far in fact as to publish some of their speeches in full, and then came up the day after with editorials on their results.

It is the situation symbolized by this deplorable inequality of citizen interest that moved H. G. Wells to bring out *The Science of Life* (Doubleday, Doran $10). There are 2 volumes divided into an Introduction and 9 books, 53 chapters, 328 numbered sections or subjects, 329 illustrations in black and white, 1,514 pages, almost exactly 750,000 words, or about 9 volumes the size of the average American novel. Mr. Wells had as his collaborators his own son, G. P. Wells, and Mr. Julian S. Huxley. The leading author claims that the book was written because of the unanticipated success of the *Outline of History*. There is obviously a measure of truth in this; that book tended to make people history-minded. But this book was written because people are already science-minded.

Let no man however be deceived by the word "science." Etymologically and every other way, "science" means nothing more than the body of information available at a given time on a given subject. It is what we "know." What the man who sells haberdashery from a push-cart on the East Side knows about his business is to him the science of his business. And to him it is science just as truly as if he were a Herbert George Wells editing what a Julian Huxley writes about squids and squirts. We have before us a very great work, one that will be widely discussed, sold, and read, one from which a certain type of citizen reader can get a marvelous mental clearing, but there is evidence on every page that the book was written because the authors knew that now it can be sold.



Jacket design by Gan Kolski from "East of the Hudson" by J. Brooks Atkinson (Knopf)

It is first of all a hopelessly godless treatise. The plants and animals do not come off any too well and man is shown to be a mechanism, with slight modification in the last chapter, a machine. God is referred to three times, twice in connection with a joke and once conventionally. But the name of God is omitted from the index; as is also the name of the late Mr. Bryan, to whom pages are devoted in the discussion of Evolution. The triplex author (in his own language the Trinity: H. G. the Father, G. P. the Son, but let us hope that Mr. Huxley is neither holy nor ghostly) claims that Evolution "is proven to the hilt." No sane man denies it, but that statement is not a mere Britishism, it is bad grammar. In "prove" we have, what Scientists do not understand, a weak, not a strong verb.

But with Evolution so soundly proved, why did not the triplex author arrange his gigantic study on an evolutionary plan, beginning with the humble amoeba and coming right on up through the entangled scale to *Homo sapiens* as represented, say, in the mahout of the Republican Party? As it is man is all over the place. Juxtaposed to a discussion of him we find sections on newts. But jumbling and joggling are also popular today. It is the age of confusionism.

The study contains a vast deal of such wisdom as we are wont to find in such publications as the *Hagerstown Almanack*. We are assured, for example, that if a mouse falls down a deep shaft, the brute will be dazed but not dead after the nether impact, whereas if a mule is thrown down the same shaft all that will be left will be a few hard bones and a splash on the wall. To the person who has hitherto been unfamiliar with the relative weight of a mule and a mouse this difference in their fates will henceforth be science. We are also told that, after all, even the Archbishop of Canterbury is 59 per cent water. In other words, and in the nomenclature of Science, the Primate of England is an aquatic sport. Having come out of London with its foghorns, and been printed midway between Sag Harbor and Jones's Beach, this is really matchless.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In one sense the book is fictionized biography. There are four characters, all belonging to the phylum of vertebrates: Mr. Everyman, Mrs. Everyman, Master Everyman, and Mr. Mouse. This takes us without detour straight back to Mr. Britling, Mr. Clissold, Mr. Parham, and mice like gods. Nothing is left undiscussed, unless it be the great subject of Degeneration, which works just as faultlessly as Evolution, and the reason why some men prefer culture to chemistry. We are even assured that tobacco smoke blown through a handkerchief will make a yellow spot on the handkerchief. What of it, other than that the handkerchief has to be sent then to the laundry? Alcohol and its effects are treated. The Eighteenth Amendment arises: "There, as biologists, we leave it." This is the conclusion after having claimed that it is a purely ethical question. Why then was the issue brought up?

The book is a combined text on all the 'ologies, except theology, and a medicine book, a cook book, a book on sanitation, athletics, table manners, war, and other subjects too numerous to mention. As to the actual origin of life, we are told that it originated from "not-life." That means nothing, for the scientist is the first to assure us that you cannot get something* out of nothing. Moreover, this life from not-life is alleged to have originated 3000 million years ago. O shades of the gnomic and the gnostic! As to the origin of life—and with the Scientists genetics is now everything—it would have been much more enlightening to appeal to the 41 per cent flesh phase of the Archbishop and let him answer the question through the medium of conventional theology.

But despite all this welter of big figures, there is an almost bewildering conservatism about the book so soon as it touches the borderland sciences. Psychoanalysis, telepathy, gland-treatment, survival of personality after death, complexes, hysteria, and so on and on through a mighty line of bad eminences, —the triplex author calmly says: there is nothing to it. Behaviorism, American species, is put down as "manifestly absurd." The treatment of sex is the embodiment of sanity and dignity. And then in the very last chapter, the three-in-one author grows positively Victorian. He bids us be kind to our neighbors, only to tell us a little later to have a heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing, we must learn to labor and get our share or, due to the tricks of *Homo militans,* we as individuals will certainly become in time as extinct as the auk.

I have not read all this book; no other one man is going to read it all (though you can't tell about women). But I have read more than enough of it to write an honest review of it. To the end that I may not personally become extinct, I am mailing out with this review a renewal of my dues to the Modern Language Association, and a check for $3 for a copy of John Cowper Powys's *The Meaning of Culture.*

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

*NOTE: A scientist in West Virginia University read this review and claims that "life" is not "something," etc. Arguing with a scientist is like arguing with a traffic-policeman.

The Week's Reading

"ENDING IN EARNEST" by Rebecca West (Doubleday, Doran $2.50). These papers were written for *The Bookman,* as *Letters from Abroad,* hence their casual and episodic nature, and the frequency with which they are addressed particularly to an American audience. No one writes this brilliant chat, often wise and always astute and charming, as well as Rebecca West. In dealing with personalities she is often as sharp as the traffic will bear, and for that reason is at her best on the general subjects of art and letters where there is little opportunity for malice. Although frequently spoken of as a controversialist and critic, Rebecca West seems, to this reviewer, to be occupied rather with the play of ideas than with the war of opinions. She is less a critic than an imaginative stylist, her criticisms being always adjusted to the needs of her creations. She appears unwilling to follow her profoundest thoughts as far as they would go, preferring to stop at half the truth and use that point as her spring-board. For this reason the determinedly serious-minded find her flippant where the rest of us find her stimulating. While Miss West was writing for *The Bookman,* the Humanist–anti-Humanist row was at its loudest. This quarrel could not hope to escape the true American "personal touch," and Miss West became somewhat involved and felt constrained to withdraw from *The Bookman*—(we should quit the OUTLOOK at least every other week if we had to agree with every statement and approve the turn of every phrase in it)—and her article on the controversy is most interesting. It has been frequently discussed (and frequently misunderstood), and we will not discuss it here beyond saying that Miss West does not know America very well if she thinks that Rousseauism and Humanitarianism are the dead issues here which she believes them to be in England.

"THE Life of Robert Burns" by Catherine Carswell (Harcourt, Brace and Co. $3.75). This book will not be reviewed at length here as it is the subject of Rebecca West's article in this issue. However, your reviewer wishes to recommend it to lovers of biography and of good writing. It is not only a sound biography and one sympathetic in the deepest sense, but it is also a brilliant picture of the state of society in Scotland in Burns' time, and a profoundly intelligent presentation of Scot character. Burns can be loved blindly. He can be understood only when one sees him as springing from this people, humane, pious and frankly lusty, among whom any ploughman might be as proud of his lineage as any laird, as involved in metaphysics as any dominie.

"OKLAHOMA TOWN" by George Milburn (Harcourt, Brace and Co. $2). This Oklahoma town is presented in a manner made familiar, at least so far as contemporary readers are concerned, by Masters in the Spoon River Anthology, and in a style perfected by Ernest Hemingway. Here we have not characters and incidents of village life

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

Up the Ladder of Gold, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, tries to secure international peace by buying gold. Reviewed January 7.

Mackerel Sky, by Helen Ashton: Doubleday Doran. The author of **Dr. Serocold** chronicles the trials of young love and matrimonial adjustment under a changing sky. Reviewed January 7.

Sunset Pass, by Zane Grey: Harpers. The latest novel from the tireless pen of an old favorite. Brief review in the next issue.

Portrait by Caroline, by Sylvia Thompson: Little Brown. A deft English novel of manners and class which relates the tale of a restless wife. Reviewed January 7.

Non-Fiction

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

Mary Baker Eddy, by Lyman P. Powell: Macmillan. A faithful and authentic life of the well known religious leader. Reviewed November 19.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When children of the world cry—"We're HUNGRY!"

At the brink of a New Year, humanity takes stock of itself. It is a period during which fine, ennobling resolves are made.

In American possessions, such as Porto Rico, thousands of children are STARVING, because of conditions over which they have no control.

Elsewhere around the globe there are hundreds of thousands of other tiny sufferers, pleading for bread . . . for release from dread famine.

You . . . can—and WILL—feed these hungry children. Every great-hearted penny helps to buy food that saves child life, enriches your life.

Prominent among those sponsoring this great work, whose names are your assurance of its worthiness, are:

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
GEORGE A. BALL
CHARLES STILLMAN
FELIX H. WARBURG
JOHN H. FINLEY
ALBERT M. SHAW
JOHN G. AGAR
WILLIAM B. MILLAR
CHARLES L. WHITE
FLEMING H. REVELL
DR. S. PARKES CADMAN
JOHN WILLIS BAER
BISHOP McCONNELL
ALBERT SHAW
CURTIS D. WILBUR
MARY E. WOOLLEY
JOHN R. MOTT

The donor may designate his gift for any philanthropy in which he is especially interested and one hundred cents of every dollar will go as designated—none for expenses.

Undesignated gifts will be allocated by the Survey Committee after careful investigation to meet the most acute needs through the most efficient agencies.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION,
Lincoln Building, 60 E. 42 St.,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $_____ to be used in meeting the needs of suffering humanity.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

*Designated for*_____

The Golden Rule Foundation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YALE

EUROPE:
THE WORLD'S BANKER 1870-1914
By Herbert Feis

Mr. Feis has written a unique and ground-breaking history of European finance and its political implications — one of the most revealing chapters in the story of war origins.

"A book which makes biographies seem thin and political histories incomplete." *Outlook and Independent*

"No student of world finance or politics can afford to neglect this important work." *New York Herald-Tribune*

Price $5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven Connecticut

Ninety Years
at the
Isles of Shoals
By OSCAR LAIGHTON

The autobiography of the brother of Celia Thaxter, with sidelights on the many famous men and women who have visited these charming islands.

18 Illus. 160 pp. $1.60. At all bookstores.

THE BEACON PRESS, *Publishers*
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

described in metrical epitaphs, but in brief sketches in plain and forceful prose. George Milburn is not an imitator; simply the member of a school. These sketches are completely objective. The style does not lend itself to subjective writing, as can be readily seen by any reader who will turn to the last sketch in the book, Hail and Farewell, in which Mr. Milburn speaks for himself and not as a detached and ironical observer. These sketches also show how necessary it is to read the "Hemingway" style aloud in order to get the full flavor of it. These bald, short sentences and paragraphs should be sounded as well as seen, otherwise the pungent, brutal quality of the material is apt to conceal the careful formalism of the writing.

F. L. R.

"The Master Farmers of America"

THE baiters of the boob ought to be delighted with this bulletin by Professor Oliver S. Hamer which describes the American super-farmer. Some years ago the farm journals and agricultural colleges began the practice of granting honorary degrees to outstanding tillers of the soil. We have now in twenty-eight states some six hundred of these so-labeled "Master Farmers," known collectively as "The Master Farmers of America." After a study of 389 of these Professor Hamer has published the specifications of the typical Master Farmer (Univ. of Iowa, $1.25).

His average age is fifty-two. He was one of six children though he rarely has more than four of his own. The number of children the Master Farmer has is in inverse ratio to his wife's education. He may have six if his wife stopped school in the grades, but no more than two if Mrs. Master Farmer has a college education. His own education generally terminated with one year of high school, but the average wife did not leave high school until the second year. Children of the Master Farmer generally get through high school and one out of three goes through college into the professions.

The average Master Farm is 277 acres (average for the U. S. 145 acres). This farm is worth $42,000 and earns a net yearly return of $3,200 (average for the U. S. is $1,113). Sometimes the better trained younger Master Farmers have larger incomes and from smaller farms. The average Master Farmer reports success in terms of crop increases; boosting the average corn yield from 35 to 53 bushels per acre, wheat yield from 19 to 29 bushels per acre, cotton from 447 to 748 pounds per acre.

As a social animal, the Master Farmer attends about two functions a month, and that includes picture shows. But he attends church and Sunday School thirty-nine times a year. He reads, perhaps, more than his city cousin. In an Iowa study of farm children, of which we will speak in a moment, it was found that the typical farm home contained about ninety books. But the typical Master Farmer's library is almost double that, being 175 volumes. The most mentioned book was the Bible with the dictionary running a close second. Other books in their order were: *Ben Hur, Pollyanna,* poems of Guest and Longfellow, works of Gene Stratton Porter and Louise Alcott, and Sheldon's *In His Steps.* Of periodicals the Master Farmer and his family consume four general magazines, two daily papers (one from the big city) and one religious paper.

The conclusions are statistical and noncommittal, perhaps a little naïve for the way they neglect the deeper implications. What does it profit us, this exalting and honoring of occasional rural individualists? Is this not putting a premium on the one weakness of the farmer that is costing him most dear? Industry, as far as capital is concerned, is wiping individualism out as rapidly as merger programs can get under way. Moreover, industry seems headed in the direction of a controlled production, while it's the lack of such control that is the bane of agriculture. One becomes a Master Farmer by producing more crops at less cost, by forcing his way out of the slough into which the cultivating craft has fallen. This means pushing aside and rising above the dozens of less astute and less aggressive neighbors who can never qualify to be Master Farmers. The present bulletin, then, is both a study and a guide to success, pointing the way for the go-getter in agriculture.

Farm Children is an important book for those who are interested in the modern rural approach to child welfare. The authors, B. T. Baldwin, E. A. Fillmore and L. Hadley, studied two Iowa communities of 115 and 154 families respectively. The objectives of this survey were the usual objectives relative to housing, sanitation, health, recreation, education and the social and economic resources of the community. The findings have been published in a volume (Appleton, $4) that might be put on a shelf beside Middletown by the Lynds. One reads and wonders if rural America is really as backward as that. The civilization of the "little red schoolhouse" doesn't look so good when we see it through the eyes of the experts who wrote this book about farm children.

The farm problem is not new by any means, though it may be getting a little more than its usual share of political attention. It is now no more than it has always been, a rural-urban problem, to which philosophers for ages have addressed themselves. But the philosophers were about as helpful as politicians. The prospect is that science will make some headway. To recite all that science is attempting would be a big order but here is a significant review of what has been done and what is being done with reference to rural social life and living. It is a volume excellently bound, the first of a three-volume *Systematic Source Book in Rural Sociology* (Univ. of Minnesota, $15, each volume $6.50).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Source book was published under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture and the University of Minnesota. The editors are Pitirim A. Sorokin of Harvard, Carl C. Zimmerman of the University of Minnesota and Charles J. Galpin of the United States Department of Agriculture. This is a sort of encyclopedia of rural society. The first volume is largely historical, assembling the reflections of most every world leader back to Confucius and Xenophon who may have written on this problem. The remaining volumes, to appear before summer, deal with rural social organization and institutions, the rural family, art and recreation.

If we may judge the forthcoming volumes by this one, this book ought to be a classic. One wishes that every Congressman and Senator protesting his love for the farmer might browse through it. It would be like taking them up on a high hill to look over the breadth, the age and the complexity of the agricultural kingdom. Perhaps there is no other interest in American life where there is more provincialism. It would be tolerable if only the Master Farmers and their ordinary neighbors were involved, but the fog of provincialism hovers as heavily over many more who are doing the thinking for the farmer.

NELS ANDERSON.

Behind the Blurbs

"THE Tragedy of the Chinese Mine[1]" tells what happened when Gissing came back to life in the Malayan jungle after being cracked over the head by his partner, Crosse. Gissing's memory was gone, and it wasn't until he had won fame in Hollywood that it came back. Of the mess he then got himself into and out of, this well written, though sometimes discursive tale, tells in plenty of detail. ♣ ♣ ♣ Further episodes in the career of the always amusing detective, Reginald Fortune, are related in *Mr. Fortune Explains*[2], and if you have not already made his acquaintance we urge you to do so. In this lot, most of the plots are rather thin, but Mr. F. is always his suave and imperturbable self, and that is the important thing. ♣ ♣ ♣ February selections of the clubs: Book-of-the-Month Club, Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel;* Book League, Struthers Burt's *Festival;* Literary Guild, J. Frank Dobie's *Coronado's Children.* ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Man in the Black Hat*[3] was a Rosicrucian, who exerted a mysterious influence over a girl named Juniper. When he couldn't be around in person, he sent his astral body. And all because Juniper's drug addict husband had a book he wanted. Dr. Hawke tries to protect Juniper, whom he loves, but what chance has a medico against a fellow like that? We might have enjoyed the story more if a quotation from it on the jacket hadn't given it all away, so we knew before it started just what was going to happen. Well written, and eerie in spots. ♣ ♣ ♣ New titles in Loeb's Classical Library (Putnam $2.50 each) are St. Augustine's *Selected Letters,* tr. by J. H. Baxter, Bede's *Opera Historica,* two vols, tr. by J. E. King, with Latin and English text; *Philo,* vol. III, tr. by F. H. Colson and G. H. Whitaker, *Lysias,* tr. by W. R. M. Lamb, St. Basil's *Letters,* translated by R. J. Deferrari, Demosthenes' *Olynthiacs,* Philippics and *In Leptinem,* tr. by J. H. Vince, with Greek and English text. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Fighting Kings of Wessex*[4] is the story of what happened in England after the breakdown of Roman civilization, and of the building of a new civilization on the ruins of the old. The Kingship, says the author, is not the creation of the state; the state is built up by the personal actions of successive Kings. And he shows how, gradually from the struggles of invaders and sectional leaders, rose a dominant force which drew England together and made the beginnings of a new social and economic system. The story is interesting in itself; it may also conceivably teach lessons of practical value to a generation which has within the past fifteen years so narrowly missed witnessing the complete breakdown of the economic system on which our civilization rests.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Ian Greig: Holt, $2.00.
2. By H. C. Bailey: Dutton, $2.00.
3. By Temple Thurston: Doubleday, $2.00.
4. By G. P. Baker: Dodd Mead, $4.00.

HEADLINE BOOK OF THE HOUR

The history of Prohibition...the background of fact on which the Wickersham Report is based

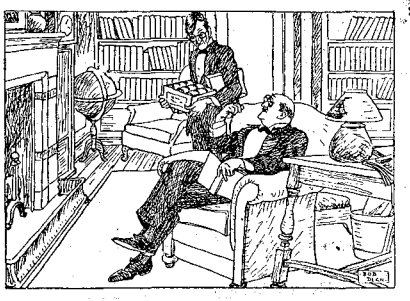
THE DRY DECADE

by Charles Merz

Author, *The Great American Bandwagon;* Editorial Writer, *N. Y. World.*

"It should be dropped by airplanes into both camps along the Prohibition front." — *William Allen White.* At all bookstores, $3. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN.

HEADLINE BOOK OF THE HOUR



"BOOKS *for* GENTLEMEN"

the appropriate title of our New Illustrated Catalogue, shows briefly and interestingly the chief characteristics of the great productive periods in literature—

Classic Greece and Rome
The Renaissance
The Eighteenth Century
The Modern Age

and makes available, as fitting furnishings of every Gentleman's Library, the books which best typify the social and moral aspects of their respective ages, complete and unexpurgated as to text.

Those whose minds and tastes do not follow beaten, well-worn paths, will find in the chapters devoted to **Curious, Old and Rare Books** and **Anthropology and Sociology** many rare items of unusual interest.

A copy of this Catalogue will be mailed free of charge to those of either sex with an established position in the Scholastic, Business, or Social world, upon application.

THE AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY
45 West 45th Street, Dept. B
New York, N. Y.

EUROPE
ALL EXPENSES $370 SEA AND LAND
FIVE COUNTRIES
Become acquainted with our amazing travel values. We specialize in economical European Tours for the intellectual elite. Cunard Supremacy! 14,000 satisfied guests.
STUDENTS TRAVEL CLUB
551 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Write for Booklet M

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Individual Itineraries planned to accord with your own desire and convenience . . . stressing luxury or economy . . . start anywhere at any time . . . with or without courier escort.

Group Travel of widest variety. Strictly limited tours de luxe by finest liners; sailings via North Atlantic or Southern routes. Itineraries embracing England . . . Scotland . . . Wales . . . Ireland . . . Continental Europe . . . North Cape . . . Russia. Popular Cabin Tours; Tourist Third Cabin Tours . . . attractive programs at popular prices. Special Cruise Tours by Airplane; General Airplane and Private Automobile Travel.

Steamship tickets by all lines. Cook's Travellers' Cheques Literature and full information at your request

THOS. COOK & SON

587 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles Toronto Montreal Vancouver in co-operation with

WAGONS-LITS CO.

LONDON MIDLAND and SCOTTISH RAILWAY of GREAT BRITAIN

The London Midland and Scottish Company, the premier railway of Great Britain, invites the public of the United States of America to consider the importance of commencing their European Tours in Ireland or Great Britain. To see first the lands of real romance and history. The lands of the forefathers of so many families now domiciled in America. The lands which have so irresistible a lure for lovers of old world charm and environment.

Tours by rail, road and lake can be arranged from Cobh (Queenstown), Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry or Liverpool to cover all the historic points of interest. Literature can be supplied which illustrates by written word and picture all the delights and beauty of the lands whose praises are sung by the greatest poets and authors of all time.

Full particulars can be obtained on application to

THE LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH CORPORATION

(Dept. D3)

T. R. Dester (Vice-President—Passenger Traffic)
200 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

"ANATOL," by the eminent Viennese doctor, Arthur Schnitzler, is the second production of the season by Bela Blau, Inc. It begins to look as though Mr. Blau and his associates, among whom is Marc Connelly of *Beggar on Horseback*, *The Wisdom Tooth* and *The Green Pastures* glory, were setting a style for themselves which they would do well to discard. Their method of procedure appears to be to select a play with obscure, nebulous or elusive dramatic value, miscast the central character and present it in a setting of unquestionable beauty and taste. It all seems very much too bad because they are obviously far above the ordinary Broadway producers in education, sensibility and worthiness of purpose. For these very reasons it is a most painful duty to report that once again it just doesn't come off.

What Mr. Connelly has to do with the whole business it is not quite clear—in view of his manifold other activities. He is listed as a member of the Board of Directors of Bela Blau, Inc. Originally announced as director (in the theatre sense) of the ill-fated *Overture*, he retired in favor of Gabriel Beer-Hofmann. In the case of *Anatol*, Herr Beer-Hofmann returned the compliment and withdrew so that Mr. Connelly could complete the task. The net result in both cases was a lack of unity or sustained rhythm in the production. In both cases it must hastily be added that the featured players were evidently no great help to the doubtlessly harassed *metteurs-en-scene*.

However, Mr. Blau and his friends are showing marked improvement in their powers of discrimination as to what is or is not suitable for exhibition in the theatre as a play. *Weekend*, their first selection, was not only miscast but was an exceedingly muddled attempt at dramaturgy. *Overture*, while it dealt with a subject of small general appeal and was more a series of notes for a novel in the most profound German manner than a play, *did* have genuinely moving dramatic moments.

Anatol, while it is only a series of virtually disconnected sketches of episodes in the life of a vain and foolish, but charming, young Viennese of prewar vintage, is full of material written for the stage by a man who knows it. There are six scenes, each depicting an incident in what a young Austrian man-about-town fancies to be his love life. Most of his emotions are sincere, although not all, because he has the gift of kidding himself before he tries to deceive others. Not that presented with a sudden situation like that of the actress who is jilting him for a chorus boy, he feels a genuine reaction. He doesn't. But after having decided how he should feel, he has the gift of persuading himself that he does feel that way and the charm to carry it off, patently transparent though his ratiocination may be.

In this part Joseph Schildkraut fails to convince anybody except what indiscriminating movie addicts there may be in the audience. Instead of charm he has vanity. The play is written to show that men (and even sometimes women) are vain—but vain beneath their charm. Incidentally, the thickness of Mr. Schildkraut's accent indicates either insensibility of ear or laziness. Paul Muni has as great an excuse for one, but has shed it. At this point let me confess that I don't know an English word to describe the other most prominent quality in Mr. Schildkraut's performance. The Germans call it *langweilig*.

The ladies in the company, especially Patricia Collinge and Elena Miramova, are much more than adequate. However, the real star of the production is Jo Mielziner, who has designed six of the loveliest and most appropriate sets of this or any other season. Although each is greeted with a "hand" when the curtain rises, they are not in any way distracting but perfectly suited to the mood of a play of Vienna in the '80's. What is more they shift, without the use of a revolving stage, with no undue waits. An artist and a technician, Mr. Mielziner—but is it impossible to be the former without being the latter?

Recommended Current Shows

Ballyhoo: The tunes are all swipes but W. C. Fields is good enough to make up for it.
Elizabeth the Queen: Thoughtful historical drama plus the Lunts' acting.
Fine and Dandy: You don't like Joe Cook? You probably make sense, or something.
Five Star Final: The most moving and exciting melodrama in town.
Girl Crazy: The Gershwins are nothing short of prodigal with good songs.
Grand Hotel: Maybe the acting makes it seem that good. It's results that count.
Mrs. Moonlight: For those of us who still cherish a bit of sentiment, however sweet.
Oh, Promise Me: Good actors make the most of a lot of rough slapstick.
Once in a Lifetime: All you can do about Hollywood is laugh it off, anyway.
On the Spot: Effective melodrama mixed with keen satire about gangdom.
Philip Goes Forth: George Kelly's sermon about not writing plays coated with accurate characterizations.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best play acted by competent actors—for a change.
Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland in a farce that fits her like a Peale shoe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

THE first communication this column received was, oddly enough, from a mouse named Herbert (or Hubert —we can't make out his writing) Meadowcroft. It is an interesting letter, too long to quote in full, and it clears up a mystery that has been bothering us for some time. Some enemy—so we supposed—was breaking into our desk and tearing up our cigarettes, for we'd find two or three in shreds every morning. It got so bad that we stopped leaving any cigarettes there at all. But in his postscript Mr. Meadowcroft says: "Don't you smoke any more? Ever since I've been living in your office I've been in the habit of dropping in at your desk two or three times every evening to get a chew of your tobacco. I know it's a bad habit, but I used to live in a United Cigar Store and the boys there taught me, and now I can't seem to get along without it. I know cigarettes are expensive, but if you could just pick up two or three butts, and leave them for me once in a while it would be all right with me."

Mr. Meadowcroft says he has been living in our office for about a year. "At present," he writes, "I am unemployed. I don't know if you know that there is a lot of unemployment among New York mice. Many of us can't get enough to eat.

"But this isn't really why I'm writing you. I thought maybe you'd put a piece in your paper about my sister, Rhoda. She came here several years ago with a traveling salesman, and we haven't heard a word from her since. We lived on a farm upstate. Rhoda was a bright, pretty young thing, and Mr. Bean, the farmer, had taught her a lot of tricks. This salesman came to the house, and saw her perform, and said he'd like to have her—he could get her in a show. She was very pleased and flattered—she ought to have known better. Anyway, she went away with him, and that's the last we've ever heard of her.

"My old mother was quite upset. Father said: 'Aw, she'll come back when she gets sick of it. Serves her right if she gets into trouble.' But mother just sits there looking out of the mousehole under the steps, waiting for her. So I'd always wanted to see New York, and I said I'd see what I could do. I got into a barrel of apples Mr. Bean was getting ready to ship. They headed it up and put it on a freight car. Boy, that was a bad trip! Cold, and nothing to eat but apples, apples, apples! They were good apples, too; there wasn't even a worm to talk to. I'm unemployed now, but believe me, I would starve before I'd have anything more to do with apples.

"Well, so here I am. Been here three years. I've been the rounds of the theatres—even tried the flea circus, and did I get bit! But not a sign of Rhoda. Will you please put something in your paper about her? She used to be a great reader. Maybe she'll see it, and know how bad mother is feeling. Then she'll come home."

. . . . .

Sing a song of politics,
Country full of rye.
Eleven good committeemen
Tried to prove it dry.

When their report was opened
'Twas Hoover's favorite stew.
Isn't that a pretty dish
For 1932?

. . . . .

In Rochester they're arresting motorists who splash mud and water on pedestrians. We're all for a similar ordinance in New York, though it would put out of commission various free mud baths which now make it unnecessary for residents of this favored city to visit European spas. There's a fine one on the west side of Fourth Avenue opposite Union Square. Here the street is cleverly arranged so that all the ooze from both street and park is collected in a chain of shallow reservoirs next to the curb. The sufferer places himself in an expectant attitude within two to ten feet of the curb—distance governed by the force with which he wishes to receive the shower—and remains there until several taxis have passed. He will then have received a bath of mud far richer than that provided at any of the famous foreign cures, driven with such force as thoroughly to penetrate the pores of the skin, even beneath the clothing. This is one of the few economical municipal health measures we have ever heard of. No ornate establishment, no elaborate system of pumps, baths and pipes, no salaried attendants, if we except the traffic policeman whose duty it is to see that the cars pass close enough to the curb to scatter the mud thoroughly. We've taken several of these baths ourself, and their effect is certainly to increase bodily and mental activity.

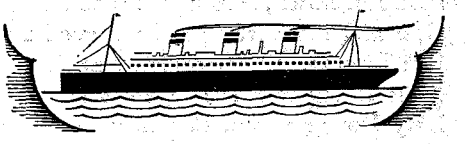
. . . . .

About that Wickersham report: we feel that there's certainly an elephant in the woodpile somewhere.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Hamburg-American

CRUISES



WEST INDIES

PANAMA and SPANISH MAIN

What more jolly than to meet the Spring in the balmy Caribbean! Especially attractive is the 27-day "Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimage" of the famous steamer RELIANCE, with First Class accommodations exclusively, from New York, February 26, visiting 13 enchanting tropical ports—rates $322.50 up. Also a 16-day Easter Cruise leaving March 28 for Haiti, Jamaica, Panama, Havana—$212.50 up.

◆ ◆ ◆

NORTHERN WONDERLANDS and Russia

Another memorable cruise to the top of the world by the S.S. RELIANCE. To Iceland and its amazing contrasts, North Cape and the Midnight Sun, Norway's wondrous fjords, Scandinavian and Baltic Capitals. And 4 days in fascinating Russia. All in 42 days, sailing from New York on June 27—rates, $800 up, including shore excursions.

◆ ◆ ◆

AROUND THE WORLD

The supreme travel experience—visiting 33 fascinating countries—in 140 thrilling days. The RESOLUTE, "Queen of Cruising Steamships," sails EASTWARD from New York, Jan. 6, 1932. Rates, $2000 and up.

Write for descriptive literature of the cruise in which you are interested.

Hamburg-American Line
39 Broadway New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, or local steamship agents.

HAPAG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Illicit"

SO RARELY do new ideas penetrate the Chinese wall of ageless hokum which surrounds the Hollywood laboratories, that *Illicit* deserves some special mention, although it is a little too slow and talkative to make a good motion picture. First we have Dick and Anne living together in what is popularly known as sin. Contrary to all the old copybooks it is the lady who objects to getting married. Airing her views thoroughly, she explains that marriage kills love and romance, and that constant familiarity breeds contempt and irritability, and that supervising relatives are a menace. Only at the gentle and friendly insistence of his father does she consent to a wedding. Now, oddly enough, she was right, Pretty soon they are fighting like alley cats and she has packed up and returned to her own apartment. He objected to her having dinner with other men and she was hurt when he looked at other girls. While the film ends with a reconciliation back in the bonds of matrimony, I'll bet they are *still* fighting. In other words, *Illicit* is no more a "solution" of we girls' love problems than tea leaves or phrenology or palmistry. The story was based on an unproduced play.

Once a Sinner is another variation of the old sex theme—the matter of the girl with a past who marries a rather aggressively moral young man from the country. To her horror she discovers that her husband's financial backer is her old lover. When the boy finds out, he goes all to pieces, and only the interference of the old lover who is shown as a charming and sympathetic advisor instead of a villain, brings the young couple together again. Dorothy Mackaill is the girl.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: A magnificent performance by Emil Jannings. With the alluring Marlene Dietrich.

The Criminal Code: A faithful and exciting reproduction of the stage play about penitentiary life. Walter Huston as the warden and Phillips Holmes as the convict.

Laughter: Polished foolery by Donald Ogden Stewart, featuring Nancy Carroll and Frederic March.

Morocco: Adolphe Menjou, Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper down in Africa where men go "to forget."

Little Caesar: The best gang movie since Al Capone was elected to office. Edward G. Robinson is grand.

Reaching for the Moon: Doug Fairbanks is moderately entertaining as a big broker who is caught in the crash.

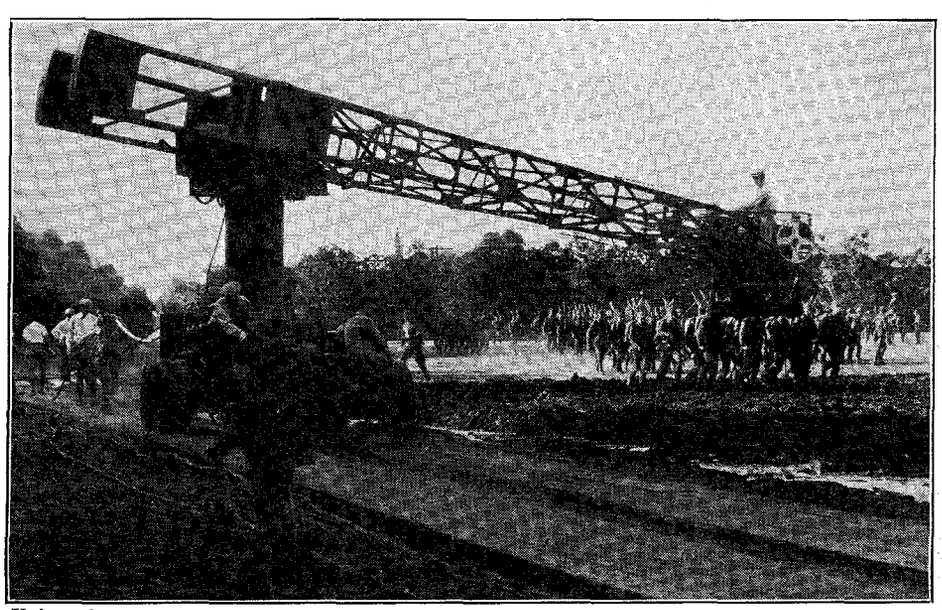
The Right to Love: Ruth Chatterton plays three roles in Susan Glaspell's story **Brook Evans.** Well acted and unusual.

The Royal Family: Frederic March scampering about in a wild and gleeful imitation of John Vitaphone Barrymore.

Tom Sawyer: Mark Twain's characters brought to life by Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Mitzi Green.

"Fighting Caravans"

Although it must have cost a lot to make, this revamping of the old *Covered Wagon* theme is a good deal of a washout. The hero is Gary Cooper, who is an outdoors man all right, but the girl is Lily Damita who was once pretty hot stuff in the Paris music halls. In *Fighting Caravans* she is driving a covered wagon to California all by herself, her golden hair blowing in the breeze while she makes eyes at Mr. Cooper. The main trouble with *Fighting Caravans* is that it is a bore and induces sleep.



Universal

Behind the scenes in Hollywood—the camera crane used to follow the recruits in "All Quiet on the Western Front." The long arm of the crane—which can move both vertically and horizontally as the truck travels over a level road—carries at its end a small platform with room for the director, the camera and the microphone

Two New Comedies

The Gang Buster is pleasant and harmless nonsense in which Jack Oakie, an insurance salesman, foils a gang of kidnappers and gets the girl (Jean Arthur). There is a lot of harmless gunplay and chasing up and down stairs which should amuse children.

Reducing is an off-moment for the Marie Dressler-Polly Moran team. So realistic is Miss Dressler in her fallings-down, and her bumpings-about that they are seldom funny. She plays the part of a country cousin who comes to the city to work in Polly Moran's beauty shop. Romance by Anita Page and Buster Collier, Jr.

News Notes

Variety reports that a portion of the Anti-Saloon League's $10,000,000 appropriation for anti-liquor propaganda will go toward the making of both short and full length propaganda films. The work will be done by professionals in Hollywood. The first will be called *Do You Want It Back?*

Eisenstein, the Russian film director who recently left Hollywood after failing to agree with Paramount on the making of *An American Tragedy,* is now in Mexico on his own, making a silent film of peon life. It will probably reach this country about May.

Paramount made eighty-two foreign versions of its films in 1930, in the following languages: Spanish, French, German, Italian, Swedish, Portuguese, Hungarian, Norwegian, Japanese, Polish, Czech, Rumanian, Dutch and Jugo-Slavian. Most of the foreign versions were made in Spanish, French and German.

A small-town theatre owner in the South has announced that one bushel of wheat (monetary value fifty-five cents) will admit one person to his movie. Barley counts thirty-five cents towards an admission and oats twenty-five.

Even Walt Disney's animated cartoons have felt the censors' shears. The Ohio board forbade the showing of one cartoon because it showed a cow reading a copy of *Three Weeks.* A small town in Austria forbade *The Skeleton Dance* on the grounds that the sight of skeletons dancing about in a churchyard was "irreligious, immoral and blasphemous."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Hero

HE HAD always known that other people saw things differently from himself, but he never knew how differently until he was married. Just as he had always seen himself, when he was growing up as a sort of hero—in his imagination of course—and it never really worried him that other people didn't see him that way.

Yes, he had always known that he saw things differently from other people; maybe a little fancier, like the painting. For he was no sooner finished with school than he was learning to be a painter. And presently he had been sent out on a house job—not a new house, but an old one that had wanted brightening up—and it didn't take him long to notice that to the other fellows it was just a painting job. But the way he saw it was, there was an ugly wall with cracks and stains on it and when you got all through with it, chinking up the bad places and covering it with fresh paint, how could you help standing back and sort of taking it in and looking it over?

But at his father-in-law's house he got to see what life was really like. Take it right from the very beginning. When he got married he couldn't help feeling sort of pleased and excited to think here he was not out of his teens yet and a married man. She felt that way about it too, being even younger. But nothing doing with the old man. Were they romantic? They were fools; that's what they were, according to the old man. And when the baby came, what was it the old man found to say for himself that time? "Who's going to pay for its food?" is what he wanted to know.

All this time they had been paying their board, of course; promising themselves that as soon as things picked up—But things didn't seem to pick up. And suddenly there was no work for painters.

That was bad. But it wouldn't have been so bad without the old man. He couldn't see that work after a while would pick up again. He only kept on telling his daughter she had married a fool; saying, where was last week's board? And where would she be now, only for her papa?

Presently the young son-in-law noticed his wife looked at him strangely, but said nothing. Did she think he could get work when there was no work to be had? Or maybe she was thinking he should sell the car. The car was everything he owned. If he sold the car—then he'd have nothing. Only the things they laughed at, like plans and ideas.

His great idea came to him suddenly out of the blue. All he had to do was follow it and his father-in-law would respect him, he guessed, at last; his wife—he knew his wife—she wouldn't be able to make enough of him. And nobody could take his car away—not after what was going to happen. He could hardly believe an idea like that could come to him; it was more like genius.

It was a few evenings later that he drove up to the house at an hour when the family was certain to be home. The car lurched drunkenly up the road, staggered and stopped, as the driver fell over on the wheel, exhausted. There was a scream inside the house, a jerk at the front door, and his wife's voice:

"Poppa! Mamma! Is he dead? O my God, what's happened now?"

Family and neighbors gathered around the car; a car alas! no longer new but battered and riddled with bullet holes. Loving hands helped him to his feet and into the house.

He sank upon the sofa in the best room, opened his eyes with an effort, and stared glassily from a pale face.

"There were five of them," he began hoarsely. "They blocked the road—held me up—shotguns—pistols—thought I was gone. But I fought the crowd of 'em. I—got—away."

At last he was a hero in this house. He closed his eyes and listened to the heavenly sounds around him of love and admiration. There was only one note of discord. The old man spoke up.

"Lucky you ain't wounded," said the old man harshly, "for if I was you I wouldn't wait no longer reporting to the police."

When it was all over, when the case had been thrashed out, his wretched made-up story exposed to the whole court, he found he was considered lucky to be let off from jail. "Only on your wife's and child's account," wound up the justice sternly.

He wished, he told himself, they hadn't let him off. He'd shown himself up for a liar and a faker. He could never face his wife again.

But she was waiting for him at the court-room door. She caught his arm and shook him. She gazed in wonder at him.

"Gee!" she whispered in an awestruck voice. "I never knew you had it in you. Why you—" she caught her breath on the magnificence of her idea—"I bet that you could write 'em for the movies."

Will you live too long *or die too soon?*

These two possibilities every one must face—either that he will die too soon, while others are yet dependent upon him; or that he will outlive the period of his own earning capacity, and become dependent himself. There is no escaping the facts. But there is a way to provide against either possibility.

By setting aside a small part of your present earnings, you can acquire a policy in the Postal Life Insurance Company that will protect your dependents against untimely loss of your support, and at the same time, help you create a substantial estate for *your* later years. This is the modern idea of insurance, to give the two-fold protection every one needs.

Distinctive Economies for Postal Policyholders

In the Postal Life Insurance Company you not only enjoy the security of this complete protection, but also its *distinctive economies* through the Postal's method of doing business direct with the individual. By eliminating the agent's commission the Postal Life effects substantial savings on every policy it writes. This saving is passed on to the policyholder to reduce the cost of insurance. You are paid a

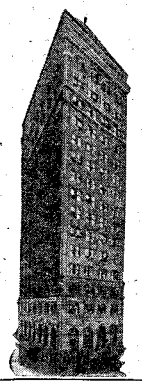
Guaranteed Dividend of 9½% of Premiums

in addition to the ordinary dividends which are paid as earned! This application of advanced business methods to the writing of insurance has attracted friends everywhere among the intelligent, independent-minded. Its 25-year record of steady growth reflects public appreciation of its service in a most important field of activity. Why not consider its way of doing business yourself? Share in its economies while you get the benefit of the best protection.

It Is Easy to Deal Direct

Merely mail the coupon below. You will receive full information which you can consider in the privacy of your home, at your leisure, uninfluenced by solicitation. You will deal direct with the Company. The help and advice of its expert officials are at your service. Thousands avail themselves of this modern insurance service every year. Mail the coupon now, and get the facts. (Please be sure to give your age, occupation, and exact date of birth.)

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.



POSTAL LIFE BUILDING OWNED BY THE COMPANY

Postal Life Insurance Company 0.-2-4-31
511 Fifth Avenue, New York

Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Occupation .....
Exact date of birth .....
Amount .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ The Young Idea Shoots Straight ◀◀

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

LAST Tuesday, at Carnegie Hall, The National Orchestral Association gave a concert, which, exclusive of its intrinsic interest, merits a serious consideration of the spirit and purposes animating its sponsors.

In a previous article I pointed out that our present severe restriction of immigration, while tending gradually to reduce the great over-supply of orchestra musicians, must in time raise a very vexing problem. Whence are we to obtain our future material? Hitherto, musicians have constantly come to us from Europe, but, now that this source is definitely eliminated, where shall we look for successors to the present members of our symphony orchestras, as these grow older and disappear one by one?

Quietly and without flourish of trumpets, there was founded in New York some ten years ago an association having as its aim the solution of this problem. This was the American Orchestral Society. Its plans, while novel, were sound.

The young instrumentalist, newly graduated from his conservatory, having nothing but a technic, a diploma and high hopes, had hitherto found himself faced with an *impasse,* seemingly insurmountable, which might be thus expressed: How can I get a job in an orchestra? Only by being an experienced player. How, then, can I become an experienced player? Only by getting a job in an orchestra!

THE new organization undertook to break this vicious circle by providing these budding musicians with the requisite experience. To do this, a student orchestra was formed, with able teachers of the various instruments at the first desks. The students also received post-graduate instrumental and theoretical instruction. The enterprise was well backed, and the work of organization carried out by Mr. Franklin Robinson, who was largely responsible for its inception, and who possessed in high degree the needed executive ability, also being a musical educator of the highest attainments,—a combination of exceeding rarity. The first conductor was Mr. Dirk Foch, a Dutch musician. The writer did not hear any of the early concerts under his direction, but they doubtless possessed the same lack of finish which distinguished his work on other occasions. However, he was quickly replaced by Mr. Chalmers Clifton, who wielded the baton with distinction, tact and musical ability. During his incumbency the orchestra steadily gained in finish and efficiency. The early programs were, of course, made up of pieces presenting less difficult problems, but gradually an ensemble was developed, capable of giving modern symphonic music in a manner of which few of our more celebrated orchestras would have been ashamed.

LAST winter, an emergency arose. Mr. Clifton fell ill, and was unable to conduct for some time. But Mr. Robinson was quite unperturbed. The Society included in its curriculum an excellent course in conducting, and he simply placed his most promising exemplar in charge of the orchestra. This was Mr. Leon Barzin, whose talent had already aroused the interest of no less a personage than Toscanini. This young man met the test at all points, emerging with his colors flying amid general encomiums.

In the spring, severe illness at last forced Mr. Clifton's permanent retirement, which indirectly involved the abrupt withdrawal of the Society's financial support; it was, therefore, compelled to dissolve. Mr. Robinson, however, with the undaunted courage and determination which characterize him, succeeded in obtaining the necessary backing to organize a new institution in place of the old. This is the present National Orchestral Association; and to his untiring labor are due its auspicious debut and its evident vitality.

Mr. Robinson's first act was to entrust Mr. Barzin with the baton. He has made no mistake, for the three concerts given thus far have shown a steady *crescendo* in smoothness, distinction and tone quality. Mr. Barzin's development as a conductor has been rapid and sound. His beat is clear, his dynamics good, and his tempi generally excellent.

He holds his young orchestra together like a veteran.

The playing of the individual members has become so good that the older teachers in the orchestra are now being supplanted by its own graduates who have become full-fledged professionals. Some first desks are even occupied by students.

Tuesday's concert was undoubtedly the most notable in the history of either this or the earlier organization. The program was an exacting one for any orchestra, consisting of Mozart's Figaro overture, Debussy's "l'Après-midi d'un Faune," and Brahms' First Symphony.

A MOZART piece is, perhaps, the severest test to which an orchestra can subject itself. Any shortcomings in technic, tone-quality or precision of attack will be ruthlessly revealed. Nowhere is this more true than in the Figaro overture, which demands the utmost in delicacy and clarity. It is a pleasure, then, to record that Mr. Barzin obtained a performance creditable in all these respects both to himself and to the orchestra.

In the Brahms and Debussy pieces the difficulties, though of a different type, were surmounted with equal success. Without in the least detracting from Mr. Clifton's admirable work in the past, it is certain that under Mr. Barzin the concerts have gained in warmth, vitality and interest.

"L'Après-midi d'un Faune" stands or falls by the first flute. Particularly notable here was the performance by Miss Frances Blaisdell, unmistakably a pupil of Georges Barrère. This young lady met the formidable tests in this piece and in the Brahms with a pure tone, a clean technic and an artistic repose which should have inspired her master, who was present, with a feeling of justifiable pride. The other woodwinds and the brass choir were smooth; the strings, too, show an increasing solidity and richness of tone.

Even to listeners accustomed to the very high standards set by our prominent orchestras of today, these concerts can give keen enjoyment. They have a certain buoyancy and zest characteristic of youth, which no maturity or experience can ever quite replace.

Mr. Robinson should feel deservedly proud of this institution, whose existence today is solely the fruit of his labors. Other cities throughout the country should emulate it. Of its spirit, its aims, and the work it is accomplishing, it is difficult to speak too highly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

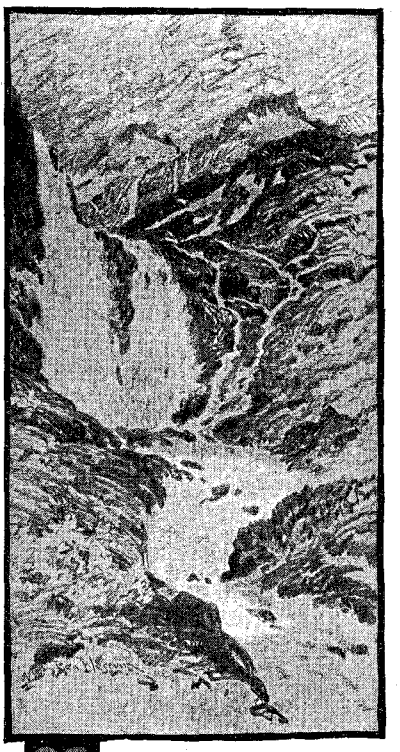
CONTROVERSY is, of course, a very fine thing for music as well as all the other arts. Where there is no difference of opinion it is apt to mean that there is nothing worth arguing about. Great works have often been damned by contemporary critics and at the same time it is true that in the case of passing fads which for the moment appeared great there have practically always been clear-seeing men who have not been influenced by the popular uproar and have cried out loudly, "Tripe!" —or words to that effect. Far be it from me to try to settle the argument now raging about Stravinsky's *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra.* However, it is fun to point out that in the often cautious *New York Times,* M. Henri Prunières wrote from Paris, "It is the best of Stravinsky's since the *Octet* . . . . From the first bars, the strange chords struck by the piano with the resonance of wind instruments showed us that the Stravinsky of the *Sacre* is not so dead as we pretend." Mr. Olin Downes, however, the *Times'* native music critic, wrote, "This is cheap and bad music and no amount of Stravinskian technique can cover up the fact." Well, my advice is to have your importer get you the French Columbia records of the *Capriccio,* played by the composer and the Orchestra of the Concerts Straram[1], and make up your own mind. At any rate they are beautifully recorded.

The recording companies continue to do right by their Ravel. The latest example is the unusually sensitive and graceful disks of *Ma Mère L'Oye* which Victor have just issued[2]. The orchestra is the Boston Symphony, conducted by Serge Koussevitsky. Don't miss hearing them.

Brunswick have brought out an unusual record of the *Egmont Overture*[3]. It is unusual because Julius Pruewer and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra have given the old war horse some thought and reimbued it with romantic vitality, and because it is a bargain at $1.50.

Do you want to know whether your favorite composition or your favorite artists appear on records anywhere? Send a quarter to the Gramophone Shop, 18 East 48th Street, New York City, and ask them to send you the 1931 Edition of their Encyclopedia of the World's Best Recorded Music. You will more than likely find the information you want therein. O. C.-T.

1. French Columbia LFX 81-3.
2. Victor 7870-1.
3. Brunswick 90111.



Norway
THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

SEVENTY-FIVE per cent. of Norway's mountainous terrain is so wild, steep, rough, or covered with glaciers and snowfields, as to be almost inaccessible. Yet even among these awesome places there are modern railroads, safe motor roads, or navigable fjords or lakes, that enable the traveler at least to see all of the grandest, most magnificent scenic spots, and to visit many of them. The mild summer climate, under the midnight sun, allows you to approach to the very edge of a living glacier, beside which are flowers in bloom. Norway abounds in such odd contrasts, and it offers the visitor thousands of sights and experiences to be found nowhere else in the world.

We will gladly help you with your itinerary, including Sweden and Denmark if you wish. Our services are free —we sell nothing.

Norwegian Government Railways Travel Bureau
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. U.S.A.

Back in the Jungle

(Continued from Page 175)

the increased use of machinery makes it possible for quite a small number of persons to produce all the manufactured goods the widest market can absorb, and that the rest can only be employed if the community arranges indirectly productive work for them of the public services type.

But it is about as easy to get the community to accept this (which is antithetical to everything they have ever been taught) as it would be to start them walking about with their feet on the ceiling. The Labor Government blenches, it wilts; and if it faded altogether there is no one to take its place save a Conservative party increasingly dominated by newspaper peers who present themselves to the public in a state of disordered inconsequence unrivaled save by Ophelia. "Here's a tariff," they babble, "that's for remembrance," and pass on, very pitiful. Sheep we are without a shepherd, and not enough mangel-wurzels. But do any of the sheep get excited about it? Not a bit of it. They remain perfectly calm.

But on the other hand they go quite mad when they read Mrs. Carswell's book on Burns. So soon as it made its serial publication in a Scottish newspaper hundreds, even thousands, of them, start writing letters denouncing her. One poor gentleman with a talent for the dramatic sent her a bullet, that she might send it through her head and leave the world "a better, cleaner place"; and he was unique only in his neat trick of presentation and his willingness to take trouble. Thousands of unfortunate persons (many of them drawn from one of the iron and steel areas that have been hardest hit) who had gone in peril of their lives during the war and had had those lives emptied of pleasantness and hope during the peace, and had uttered no cry of complaint, utterly lost their self-possession on reading certain writings on the subject of a poet who died in 1796. Now say that man is a reasonable animal!

When one comes to consider what those remarks are the matter becomes more blindingly and astonishingly a matter not of literature, nor of logic, but of folklore. The feature in Mrs. Carswell's book that evokes the uproar is the quotation of a letter from Burns which affords evidence that the poet was not entirely chaste. This is to the uninitiated as startling as if a writer who had mentioned in print that Sealyhams have short legs was covered with abuse

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contract Bridge
SIMPLIFIED
A book of instruction for beginner — of reference for player. Rules of highest authorities condensed, classified and indexed for easy reference. 75c, dealers or postpaid—or in handsome gift box with very attractive design, 90c.
30 GAMES OF SOLITAIRE—60c, boxed 75c.
LEWIS CO., B–Enquirer Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Subscribe Now to

OUTLOOK
and Independent

•

The editorial structure of the OUTLOOK has been designed to accomplish two things: To present a spirited, readable magazine, edited with vigor and insight—and to discuss those subjects which are the intelligent and practical concern of the most influential people in this country.

The OUTLOOK has an open mind. We, and consequently our readers, believe in healthy inquiry. We want to know the temper of our time and to bring to the surface the undercurrents of contemporary life. If you are interested, fill the coupon below.

•

OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT
120 East 16th Street, New York

DEAR SIRS:
Please send the Outlook for one year. Find enclosed five dollars.
(M. O.) (Check)

Name .....

Address .....

by societies of Sealyham-lovers. That Sealyhams' legs are in fact short is no more visible than the fact that a man who died at thirty-seven leaving nine children born out of wedlock by six different mothers cannot in the most elastic use of language be called a celibate. It might also be remembered that there are cases when to restore a man his character is to deprive him of it. If one takes away Burns's title to joyous rakehood one leaves him with nearly no personal idiosyncrasy at all; and it is hardly simply on account of his lyric gift that his country has taken him to symbolize the eternal hold on joy which no temporal law can make the lusty spirit of man unloose.

THE attack on Mrs. Carswell seems, therefore, pure imbecility until one looks into the letter and the circumstances in which it has been published. It is a vainglorious account of Burns's sexual prowess in an encounter with Jean Armour before their marriage, and though this is the first time that it has been published in a book sold across the booksellers' counters, it has for many years been accessible to the hierophants of the Burns Societies, which are vast enrollments of Burns worshippers that must include a very considerable proportion of the Scottish male population, all the Elks and the Babbitts.

Consider this statement in view of the fact that nearly all Mrs. Carswell's correspondents bitterly dwell on her sex as an infuriating element in the situation and you will find yourself right back in the realm of the kind of primitive fantasy that anthropologists investigate. What Burns symbolizes to these good folk is the power of man to grasp joy to himself. The primitive mind of man knows that he does this through his creative powers, of which his sex is the most frequently and easily called upon, and the most simple and convenient symbol for the rest. The too simple mind stands in fact forever on the threshold of Phallus worship. When it crosses this threshold it invariably makes fierce gestures of exclusion towards the female. Being obsessed with its own image of fertility it has the brass and the bounce to ignore her image of fertility: and thus it pretends that she has no creative powers of her own, and that she must be held in subjection lest she should steal or injure the male's monopoly. Dreams, silly dreams; yet all the world over it has given men pleasure to dream them, and to establish custom and rituals that pretend they are hard facts. One has read in books often enough of religions which center round sacred objects no woman may touch under pain of death, of societies which permit only men to handle the sword, the plough, the fishing-net.

But one has never read of anything quite so odd as this outcry wrung from people whose real troubles have left them unmurmuring, because a scrap of paper, scrawled with words containing no implication of wisdom or beauty but simply boasting that over a hundred years ago an unhappy and ailing man had mated with his female in the most inglorious of circumstances, had passed into the possession of a woman. Never has one had a more dramatic and pathetic confirmation of one's suspicion that what is the matter with humanity is simply its mind which has hardly moved a hundred years from its old place in the jungle.

Mellon—Croesus and Corinthian

(Continued from Page 177)

kind. It is just an automobile and is painted a dark green at variance to the official blue affected by most other cabinet ministers and high government officials.

Even the coldest weather usually fails to deter the Secretary of the Treasury from walking the mile from his Massachusetts Avenue apartment to his office in the Treasury Building, a form of exercise upon which he embarks every morning on the stroke of eight-thirty, returning usually in the same manner for lunch at one o'clock. Riding and golf, his exercises of other years, he has now abandoned in favor of walking, and although on March 24th he will be seventy-six years old, it is still his favorite mode of locomotion.

MR. MELLON is not fond of dining out and especially he is not pleased to attend state functions which are likely to tax both his patience and his faith in gastronomy. He delights, however, in giving small dinners in his own fifteen-room apartment for groups of intimate friends, and upon these occasions the menu is selected with the same exacting and fastidious discrimination which characterizes his selection of a Gainsborough or a Romney for the walls of his drawing-room. Sometimes his daughter Ailsa, now Mrs. D. K. E. Bruce, acts as her father's hostess, but whether she or the Secretary himself presides over the table, invitations to the Mellon dinners rank among Washington honors with those to the highest diplomatic and social functions.

In the selection of his clothes, too, Secretary Mellon tacitly displays a taste for luxury in a subdued tone, and his suits, handsome of fabric and conservative of line, illustrate the recommenda-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of Polonius: "costly thy garment as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy." He affects soft hats of dark grey and soft dark overcoats which will drape themselves comfortably about his spare, erect figure. His small feet are shod in the shiniest of boned black oxfords, never bespatted, and the continued care and replacement of the Secretary's footgear is one of the main concerns of Flore, Mr. Mellon's genial English super-valet, courier and arrangement expert. What Flore does not know about the Mellon affairs, aside from their financial aspects, is not worth knowing, but what he is willing to tell of them is not worth the hearing. Flore is Mr. Mellon's inevitable traveling companion whenever he voyages abroad on pleasure or affairs of state.

THE Mellon home in Pittsburgh, situated high above the smoke and din and night-fire of the rolling mills and open hearths along the river, is only moderately large, as the homes of rich men go, unpretentious and comfortable. When the secretary is in residence a great deal of the world's business is likely to be effected by the conversations held over its various telephone extensions, and upon one occasion a year or two since a call from Premier Briand in Paris was put through, nicely timed to conflict with the pancakes and sausages which are an integral part of Mr. Mellon's every breakfast. It was a question of precedence between the Premier of France and the pancakes, and on this occasion the state waited on gastronomy.

Secretary Mellon is fond of travel and finds that in this way he can secure complete relaxation from the cares of office and yet, by modern methods of communication, keep in constant touch with affairs of state. For several years now he has been in the habit of taking an eight or ten day trip to Bermuda, a resort of which he is especially fond, at the Easter season, and upon such occasions he conducts a minimum of official business, although constantly available to his subordinates in Washington. A few years since, with Paul Mellon, he took a yachting trip to Europe and while at Bordeaux discovered that a local vintner produced a brand of claret bearing his own name on the etiquettes, "André Mellon." When, in addition, it was learned that the vintner's son's name was "Paul Mellon," the secretary was so pleased by the coincidence that he purchased enough of the current vintage of the brand to last for the rest of the ocean trip.

Mr. Mellon's only son Paul, upon whom it is commonly supposed the mantle of authority over the vast Mellon banking and industrial interests will fall whenever his father may see fit to relinquish his hold upon them and retire from active participation in business affairs, is not, however, altogether minded for a career in the world of finance. Heir, with his sister, Mrs. David K. E. Bruce of New York, to a fortune variously estimated between half and three quarters of a billion dollars and one which is generally conceded to be one of the three largest in the country, despite the reluctance of Secretary Mellon's associates to discuss this subject, Paul Mellon has shown unmistakable signs of apostacy from the creed of credit and collateral.

The first of these indications appeared when he was an undergraduate at Yale, where his inclinations were discovered to be quite at variance from the administrative and executive. He became an editor of *The Yale Daily News*, wrote sonnets, one of which, incredibly enough, included the word "impellancies," for the *Lit*, and joined a senior society noted for emphasis on the casual aspects of life rather than that organization as famous in the business world as on the Yale campus for its objectives of contacts, achievement and purposefulness in life.

Paul Mellon's acceptance of election to Scroll and Key rather than to Skull and Bones, the traditional choice of young men on the commercial "make," whose dedication to success may be spelled in upper case, was clearly an indication of distaste for a career in the world of finance and may well have marked an epoch in the progress of the Mellon dynasty.

Paul Mellon has indicated a preference for a publishing career and has recently declared that when he returns from Clare College, Cambridge, next June, after spending a few months training in the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, he will seek connections with one of the large publishing houses. From time to time, however, rumors originating at the Treasury offices in Washington have been circulated to the effect that he will actually remain in the banking and industrial world in the interests of the family fortunes. Which of these arrangements will in fact ultimately obtain it remains for the future to demonstrate.

FEW estimates of the wealth of Secretary Mellon have been compiled and there is practically no method of gauging the precise extent of his financial interests. In 1921, when first appointed to the Treasury post, it was supposed that the money controlled by Andrew Mellon as head of the Mellon family

4 Trains 22⅔ Hours
NEW YORK TO
FLORIDA
FROM PENNA. STA. (P.R.R.), NEW YORK
The Miamian - - 9:45 a.m.
Gulf Coast Limited 9:45 a.m.
Havana Special - 10:15 p.m.
Florida Special - 10:20 p.m.
Other Fast Through Trains Daily
NEW PLAN AUTO SHIPMENT COST 5 TICKETS—3 FOR CAR, 2 FOR PASSENGER TRANSPORTATION
The Double-Track Sea-Level Route
Atlantic Coast Line
The Standard Railroad of the South
Tickets, reservations, information from
B. F. FULLER, A. G. P. A.
8 West 40 St., New York
Lack. 4-7080.
Ask for "Tropical Trips" Booklet

AND
NOW IT'S
Australia

...the newest travel idea

ALL oceans lead to Australia—below the equator, where winter turns to summer.

All along the Pacific route lie lovely Hawaii, French Tahiti, Pago-Pago in Samoa, Rarotonga, Fiji and New Zealand ... then the brilliant million-peopled cities of Sydney and Melbourne. From Europe, the African Cape, the Panama Canal or the Orient you can go on to Australia just as easily and interestingly.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Plan now to see the great, tangled jungles hung with brilliant orchids, placid valleys, limitless "bush" peopled with the world's queerest animals and birds—and all reached by excellent rail and motor roads.

Every travel bureau or steamship line can tell you more about it and arrange everything. But now, while it's convenient, send this coupon for interesting illustrated booklets.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
824 ADAM GRANT BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
or GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was in the neighborhood of $2,000,000,000. He was an officer and director in banks and insurance companies with resources of $800,000,000 and in other corporations with known assets of more than $700,000,000. The Mellon family had controlling voice in the affairs of banks with resources of $19,000,000 and corporations with assets of $106,000,000 more, making a known total of interests valued at something like $1,700,000,000.

Eight years later financial authorities calculated that the wealth of the Mellon family had been increased by nearly $300,000,000 as the result of spectacular rises in the stock of the Aluminum Company of America and the Gulf Oil Corporation of Pennsylvania. With no more than these indices on which to base speculation it is apparent that the personal wealth of Mr. Mellon must be enormous, despite his resignation from all directorates upon assuming the Treasury post, while that of his family will bulk as one of the greatest fortunes of all time.

Good-Bye to H. G. Wells

(Continued from Page 179)

orderly present, today! There can be no true realization of the complexities of social engineering on this basis. Van Wyck Brooks has called Wells an "artist in society." That is an acute observation which Mr. Brooks intended as a compliment, but which I take to symbolize Wells's weakness. An artist's material is, in the last analysis, something malleable to the fullest extent. He masters it and gives it form, and if he does not he is reproached for his inadequacy. Society is something else again, and the only imaginable being to whom it is material for artistic rearrangement is the supposititious God.

Wells has a typical modern mind of the pre-war variety. Most of the elements which it contains are present in the post-war minds, but in a modified fashion. The post-war minds have been disciplined and disillusioned. There is no longer a widespread belief in the inherent goodness of man. No critical thinker today is convinced that progress will *immediately* issue in anything at all. That education is a weapon universally useful is doubted on all sides. History is not interpreted teleologically, but as a record of man's known experience in the world and nothing else. That society is rickety, improvised in many of its aspects and susceptible of indefinite change is admitted, but there is a clearer realization of the deeper obstacles to change. The prohibition situation has driven this home to Americans. Utopia is discounted heavily as a mirage, a pink and purple dream, not to be expected around the next corner. Only science retains an undisputed hold over the modern mind, and even here there is a marked change. There is no longer much talk of liberation through mechanical inventions. The emphasis has shifted to the social sciences where the complexities of human society emerge. The optimistic "artist of society" has given way to the thoughtful social engineer to whom even hope is a transient emotion and whose normal state is a quiet pessimism relieved by confidence in the validity of his method.

And so H. G. Wells is losing his grip upon the thoughtful public. He does not speak the language of the rising generation. They read him only as an easy way to comprehend a dying type of mentality, and they are not stirred to action or belief by anything he may say. They cannot entirely enter into William Clissold's world, for his problems are not their problems and the world that made him they know only through Wells's novels. "The Open Conspiracy" seems a somewhat childish affair, ignoring a variety of problems of which they are conscious because confronted with the rising importance of the engineer in American society. So they shout in increasing numbers, "Good-bye, Mr. Wells, good-bye!" Mr. Wells shakes his head and writes another plea for the world state. "It'll come, young man, it'll come! If not in my lifetime, in yours."

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of January 31, 1951

By a unanimous vote, the Society of Historians passed a resolution last week declaring that the entire responsibility for the war of 1914-18 rests squarely upon the statesmen and people of the Duchy of Luxemburg.

Dr. Francis Sullivan, president emeritus of Saratoga University, occupied a box at the opening night, last Monday, of *Hamlet*, presented at the John Barrymore Theatre, Chicago, with Joseph Cook in the name role.

The President made public the report just received from the Lickersham Commission on Tobacco, appointed four years ago. The twenty members of the Commission submitted individual divergent reports. But the Commission as a body was unequivocal in these definite recommendations and opinions: (a) The present statutes relating to smoking are unenforceable; (b) larger appropriations should be made to enforce them; (c) no change should be made in the statutes; and (d) their complete revision is essential to the welfare of the nation.

From Naples to Algiers by Car

(Continued from Page 181)

do know that the dock-master was "flown with insolence" . . . . He wore a handsome plum-colored *gandourah*, the seemly outer garment of the more prosperous Tunisian natives, bright yellow slippers, and well down on his nose was perched an enormous owl-like pair of horn spectacles—and he was much impressed by his own power and dignity as he peered at us through them from bleary, red-lidded eyes. All his progressions, mental and physical, were maddeningly deliberate, though not a little uncertain; he teetered absurdly as he circled inch by inch about the car, touching it here and there with a shaking finger. He was inspecting it, I suppose. He touched the tires, the headlights, the license plates, gingerly, with that long, tremulous finger; he kept grumbling to himself and shaking his head. "What's the matter with him?" I whispered. "*Saoul!* (drunk)," was the whispered reply. "The old fool—he'll keep us here for an hour." And then I made a great mistake; I addressed the dock-master. "Couldn't you hurry a little?" I suggested. "You see, I've been waiting round here all day!"

Then the ancient dock-master shot a sly, tipsy glance at me and malevolently smiled: "Doucement, m'sieu," he murmured—"doucement—doucement. . . ." (As who should say, "Take it easy, my dog-of-a-Christian friend—you're forgetting who I am!") And he motioned me to descend at once from the car and open the hood. "No help for it," groaned the young Spaniard. "You've done it now! We can't leave the dock till he gives the word." I hung my head; I climbed down meekly and opened the hood—and for twenty minutes by my watch that small, ancient dock-master toyed with me as a cat toys with a mouse. It was deliberate torture—and how that admiring circle of one-eyed pirates did enjoy it! Nothing so delightful, for many a moon, had come their way—and they made the most of it. In short, they were Arabs; for your Arab, I find, is a great practical joker, his humor is omnipresent, but it belongs to the good old primitive school of custard-pie.

I was a limp and chastened adventurer when at last I arrived at the hotel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and small charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON
Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Elegant suites and many bedrooms with private bathrooms. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from 10/6 ($2.50). Send for Illustrated Booklet to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W.C.

New York

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Pennsylvania

IDEAL EASE, Mountainhome, Penna. A modern home for complete rest and comfort. Open the year round. Middle-aged and elderly people especially cared for. Private bath with each bedroom.

Let Us Help You Find the Right Hotel

•

We can give you information on hotels for North, South, East or West, wherever you plan to go, either in America or abroad. Rates, Reservations and complete information. Simply write:

•

Outlook Travel Bureau

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Vermont

PAYING GUESTS FALL AND WINTER. Vermont farm, attractive all year climate, excellent table, every modern convenience. Near Troy and Albany. One mile from village, charming home atmosphere. 1401 Outlook and Independent.

TOURS AND TRAVEL

For all travel matters in
Great Britain and Europe consult
MAJOR W. T. BLAKE, LTD.
521-5th AVE., NEW YORK CITY
Murray Hill 1039
Head Office 199 Piccadilly, London, England

EUROPE
SELECT TOURS from $695
Cabin Class Steamship Included
VACATION TOURS from $340
Bermuda-West Indies-Steamship Tickets
Transatlantic Tours
452 Fifth Ave. New York

EUROPE THE IDEAL TOUR. June 30 to Sept. 5. Eight countries,
Sixty-eight days of delightful travel for only $695. 54 day tour $590.
ARGONAUT TOURS
551 Fifth Avenue New York

PHYSICIAN (experienced) and wife (nurse), highest personal, professional references, would accompany elderly couple, convalescing patient, south or abroad, for expenses. Address Strong, 16 St. James Place, Brooklyn.

Inexpensive Travel to EUROPE

Excellent accommodations, liberal sight-seeing, moderate cost. Over 80 trips planned for next summer. Write for detailed information.

TEMPLE TOURS
456 Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Palestine, Egypt, Mediterranean

Conducted tours to Mediterranean and Palestine. Particularly interesting itinerary in the Holy Land. Low cost. Highest class on all ships. Write for further information.
The Travel Institute of Bible Research
133 Bible House, New York City

BOARD

JUST-A-HOME for tiny tots. Excellent care while parents travel. Protestant. Flora Whitford, 286 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.

NURSE. Registered. Care for semi-invalid or elderly patient. Comfortable room. Brooklyn. Box 1581 Outlook and Independent.

SITUATIONS WANTED

REFINED CHURCH WOMAN—widowed—desires position as Nurse-Companion. Speaks English, French and German. Can do parish work. References given and required. Address C. W., 301 Outlook and Independent.

TUTOR wishes position. 9610 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION. American woman desires position with elderly lady going abroad. 9620 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—Well-bred woman, graduate nurse, genial, pleasing personality, to man or woman of education and wealth. 9593 Outlook and Independent.

POSITION desired as companion nurse or housekeeper. References exchanged. 9623 Outlook and Independent.

EXECUTIVE or Social Secretary—Cultured woman having diversified experience. 9626 Outlook and Independent.

CLUB PAPERS, ARTICLES

CLUB PAPERS, REVIEWS, ARTICLES, specially prepared. Prompt, scholarly service assured. AUTHORS' RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Club speeches and papers, letters and articles prepared; manuscripts edited and revised. Prompt, confidential, efficient service guaranteed.
CRITERION SERVICE
632 Tillotson Street Trinidad, Colorado.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOROSCOPES Scientific Astrology practically applied to business.
Finance, Health, Events. Horoscopes written in detail.
GEORGE W. SMALLWOOD, M. D.
PEPPERELL - - MASSACHUSETTS

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Pencil Biter" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

COLORED ENLARGEMENTS. Send your favorite negative with description of coloring desired and we will make you a beautiful 8" by 10" hand colored enlargement. Enclose money order for $1.00. DALLAS WALTMAN, 2528 Charleston St., Chicago, Ill.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

CHESS OR CHECKERS
Buy of the manufacturer.
Write for price list.
C. H. Bird, Bethlehem, Conn.

"DELICIOUS" LARGE WHITE EGGS. Sweet flavored. New laid. Family trade N. Y. City and vicinity. Booklet free. SHOREACRES EGG FARM, Bridgehampton, Long Island, N. Y.

BOOKS

HAVE YOU A STORY FOR THE MOVIES? Accepted any form. Criticism, development, revision, copyright, marketing. Write for free booklet! DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., Suite "O," 1776 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FICTION: who and what they are according to history and their own inner teachings; literature mailed on request. PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

CATALOGUES FREE. FIRST editions, rare books, fine sets, Americana miscellaneous. Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Ave., New York City.

May We Present Your Advertisement in these Columns?

•

Your advertisement placed in these columns will reach our 85,536 alert well-informed subscribers. Outlook assures the advertiser class circulation with real buying power, at a minimum rate. Write:

•

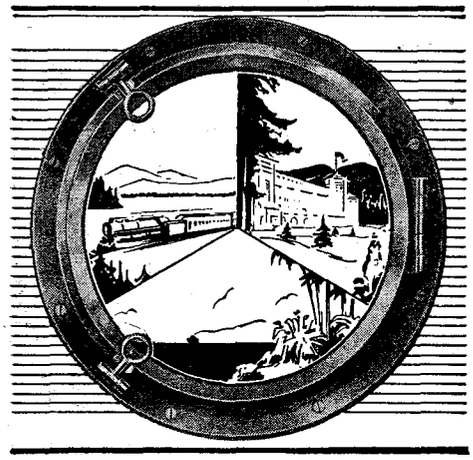
Outlook Classified Advertising Dept.

And now, since I have left myself no room for picturesque descriptions of North African scenery and customs (which I should do so well—it's really a pity—however . . . .), let me end with a serious recommendation. When you go to North Africa, and you will not fail to go if you are wise, arrange to go there "out of season"—not in the bleak, rainy winter months which have chilled and disappointed so many pleasure-seekers in Morocco or Tunisia or Algiers, but in the full sun-swept tide of the North African spring. If you love beauty, if you love flowers, go to North Africa in late April and early May. For a month the high, semi-desert uplands, so cold, windy and arid in December, so parched and suffocating in July, are living and gay with pure broad sweeps of color—the clear green of young grass, undulant waves of poppies stretching to the horizon, whole fields of azure where the wild blue petunias spring up, soon to wither and die. You will see things then that will tighten the heart in your breast. I remember one picture. A long, straight, white military road in Tunisia, near to the sea: on our left, as we sped northward, mile upon shimmering mile of poppies—an encampment of Bedouins among them, and a single white camel hard by the roadside, slowly lifting his head, with a bright rain of poppy petals dribbling from his mouth; on our right, mile upon mile of azure water, far-distant, fantastic mountains across the gulf, and close in by the shallow shore, among the reeds, a flock of roseate flamingoes, quietly feeding. . . .

Oh, *well*——!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



The Smallest Continent

Australia, the smallest continent, crossed by the Tropic of Capricorn, lies one-third in the tropics, where giant ferns and brilliant birds are to be found. ¶ Further southward in this little country, snow sports are the order of the day. ¶ To the North the nomadic aborigines use the fire stick to light their fires. ¶ Further South the golf stick and tennis racket are in favor at the country clubs. ¶ Travelers to the Orient should see Australia, so full of contradictions, so small in comparison with the other continents, so primitive, yet so advanced. ¶ It can be reached by services from the East as well as the West, either direct, or as part of a tour. ¶ For details write Mrs. Kirkland, *Director:*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 161)

expressed in your weekly. Indeed, you are daring. You take the official statement of the leader of 270,000,000 of the people of this earth, and handle it in much the same fashion that the Germans handled the treaty guaranteeing Belgium from any trespassing.

What you say about the "most intelligent" non-Catholics is undoubtedly true. I do not protest against that part of the article. But when you yourself begin to show such partiality for such a group, it is time for a very hearty objection, and this editorial makes no pretence of concealing that feeling on your part.

Somehow or other, the Church of Rome has struggled along for nineteen hundred years, and during that time she has gleaned quite a bit of useful knowledge of what is right and what is wrong. Of course, I realize that the eminent Doctors Fosdick and Huxley are men whose intelligence is on a par with even the Church, at least so I am told. Be this as it may, I dare say that in a very few years, these august gentlemen will have passed completely out of the picture, and a brand new modernism will be in vogue. Poor old birth control will be forgotten, and the world's fickle eye will be on some other equally asinine theory. It has been always thus, and I am deeply surprised that you have allowed yourselves to be taken in by this passing fancy. Be modern if you must, OUTLOOK, but please be sensible at the same time.

JOHN J. CABREY, JR.

The Apple Vendors

To the Editor: *Denver*

SIR—I want to thank you from my heart for your leading editorial in your magazine of December 10. The question you ask, "In return for this meager job [apple selling] thus ballyhooed, how much of his character does he sell each day?" seems to me to contain the essence of the situation. Nowhere else have I seen the situation presented so clearly.

CELIA BALDWIN WHITEHEAD.

"I Am the Law"

To the Editor: *Louisville, Ky.*

SIR—I have read the article, "I Am the Law," by Richard G. Knott, with genuine interest. It is a salient statement of facts that have been too constantly ignored and I believe it will prove effective.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

Bimetallism

To the Editor: *Cove, Oregon*

SIR—In your issue of January 14 I note with admiration your vigorous editorial, "For a Prosperity Loan," which should arouse Washington to prompt action, if such a thing is ever to be expected.

In addition to your strong presentation of the Arkansas picture, I may inform you that the whole farm population in America has had "depression" since 1920, while its resources have diminished steadily until today it is doubtful, if sold out at maximum obtainable prices, that, in the aggregate, it could liquidate its total obligations in full.

Therefore, I cannot figure out where the manufacturers are going to find a market for any increased production and maintain the "high standard of living" wages, without cutting prices virtually to the bone. I am afraid that by early summer, the automobile manufacturers will find that they have all that they can sell in 1931, unless one thing is done which the whole American press seems afraid to mention as if it were *lese majeste* to do so—namely, the reinstatement of silver as a basic money . . . .

This is the year 1931 A. D., and it should almost be time that the western nations give those eight or nine hundred million people in Asia some consideration as to their potentiality for consuming our surplus commodities in the future, thus solving the problems of the machine age and mass production.

We wish to create adequate markets in China and India for our surpluses, knowing now that they have no buying power or international money. It takes over four of China's dollars to come to Portland or Seattle to purchase one bushel of wheat, for which the farmer receives 46c. They have only about ten ounces of silver per capita, and it would take all ten ounces to purchase 100 lbs. of flour . . . . and our statesmen talk of "possibly" attempting to fix the value of silver at 40c or 50c per ounce, so that we can have "unlimited markets" over there *for all our surplus products.*

For twenty-one centuries, silver held the proud place as the basic money of the world, valued at two dollars per ounce for all that time, then became a co-servant with gold for nearly four centuries, and declined to a fraction over a dollar per ounce twenty or more years after it was demonetized. When this occurred, all the world was robbed of about half its wealth, as measured in money, and we, the smart western nations who did this, never thought of making restitution or rehabilitating the billion or more people impoverished by this act.

Most of the mined silver in the world is held by the masses in India and China. Nearly all the unmined silver, known to exist, is in North America. Gold is pinching out, and admitted to be inadequate for half the world. To remonetize silver, then, at once and at the highest feasible ratio, is the only practical remedy. Any alternative action can only prove ineffective and a waste of priceless time.

KARL J. STACKLAND.

The Clark Decision

To the Editor: *Washington*

SIR—Having read with considerable interest your comments on the Clark decision, I should like to make a few myself.

Virginia having been my home since boyhood, although I now live in Washington, D. C., I naturally turn to the experience of that state in adopting the Eighteenth Amendment.

As I remember it this was put up to the legislature for adoption. This body is composed of a House and Senate meeting every two years. Members of the Senate serve for two terms, the House one. When the amendment was passed there had not been any election of Senators for two years and the Eighteenth Amendment had in no way come before the people to pass on, yet this Senate voted that the people of Virginia should give away their rights, including police powers, to the national government.

Now when we change our constitution in Virginia a Constitutional Convention draws up the changes and we, as the people, vote on them and nothing else, yet when it comes to the national Constitution all that safeguard is thrown overboard and a legislature, half of which was elected before the Eighteenth Amendment had crystallized at all, voted to adopt it.

If this is legal and constitutional I am much surprised and upset for we have little protection against another raid on our rights.

M. K. ARMSTRONG.

Knifing Senator Norris

To the Editor: *Corsicana, Texas*

SIR—The member of an organization who secretly engages in an underhand fight against one whom his organization is ostensibly supporting may be properly characterized as a sneak, may he not? If so, I must criticize the tender handling your "Backstage in Washington" correspondent accords the man who fought Senator Norris.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

Recondition the Unemployed

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—I for one like your editorial ["For a Prosperity Loan"] one hundred per cent, for like yourselves I feel that actions speak louder than words and it seems words are all we are getting so far.

And your editorial is practical too. When Senator Couzens was chairman of a committee investigating unemployment conditions in the fall of 1929, among other things I said to him in a letter was:

If Uncle Sam had another war on his hands, he would go right down to the Bowery and recondition the multitude of men cast aside by the business world under the so-called caption, unemployable. They might be unemployable, but Uncle Sam would soon make first class fighters out of them. Why can't that apply in peace times? Recondition these same men for the business world, don't let them be on the shelf for no good reason, because business men find it cheaper to pay girls $10 to $20 a week and pretend that men over forty are too old to work.

LOUIS ROLAND.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED